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  - A 'Screen Test' with Yash Chopra.
  - A tête-à-tête with Shashi Kapoor.
* A glamorous cover feature. Courtesy: 'Beautiful' Magazine.
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N/2/78

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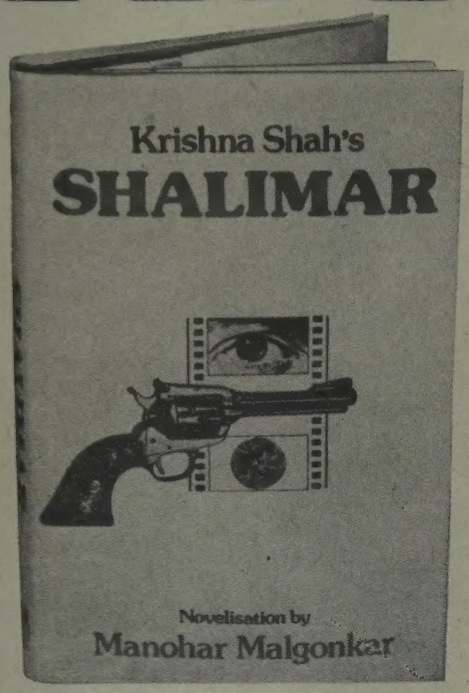

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V/77

SULU HEGDE

Sulu, from the South, seemed to be the ideal choice for our special cover depicting Kerala's famed Onam festival. (See page 13.) She has strack a perfect balance between the traditional and the modern.

Although she herself is not a Keralite, Sulu enjoys getting involved with festivals, dressing up in suitable garb, participating in the fun.

On the other hand, Sulu's modernity wings back to the U.S.A., the country in which she was born — her parents were there for a while, but decided "it was no place in which to rear a daughter" — and to which she has just returned for her education in electronic engineering at the Cornell University.

Nineteen years in India, she feels, have matured her enough to face the Western society without much difficulty.

Photograph : Farokh Reporter

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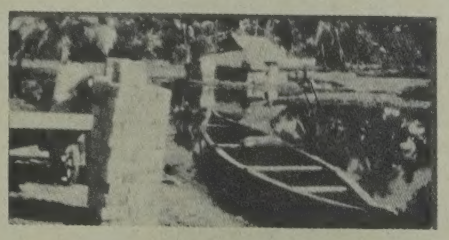
this week

ONAM

Religious festivals are many and varied in our country, but Onam is unique, because it is both colourful and cosmopolitan. Keralites, wherever they are, and whatever their community, celebrate it with feasting, dancing and music and a breathtaking boat race.

Page 13.



COLOURFUL KERALA

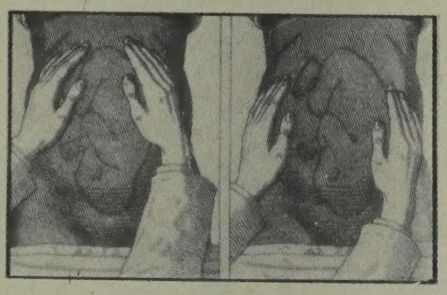
Well-known travel writers Hugh and Colleen Gantzer write on the many charms of Kerala, the variety of its topography, the ethos of its people.

Page 20.

THE CHANGING FACE OF MARRIAGE

The wind of change is being felt even in a conservative society like ours. Arranged marriages are already on the way out in urban societies, and the norms of married life, once considered sacrosanct, are changing — giving women a chance to be individuals in their own right and reducing male domination.

Page 15.



PREGNANCY

While the hazards of pregnancy have been reduced by modern medicines and techniques, it is still a state in which women need special care and extra attention. Do's and don't's for pregnant women.

Page 42.

MARRIED HAPPINESSS

Getting married is easy enough, but to keep happily married is a work of art, in which both husband and wife must accept the need for adjustment. They have to adjust not only emotionally and sexually, but also about money, about each other's family and, most importantly, to the fact that marriage is not a perpetual state of ecstasy.

Page 8.

ALSO

Martha Stuart: Independent T.V. producer — **Page 18** Part II of the new Mills & Boon story "To Begin Again" — **Page 22** Interview with David Abraham on his retirement from films — **Page 29** Profile: Bilkees Latif, First Lady of the I.A.F. — **Page 41.**

REGULAR FEATURES

Your Page/**7**, Children's Page/**12**, Beauty/**16**, Fashions/**24**, True confession/**26**, Comics/**28**, Madam I'm Adam/**31**, Cookery/**32**, Story: "Cocoon of Silence"/**37**, Frankly Speaking/**43**, People and Events/**44**, Answers to Quiz No. 6/**44**, This Week for You/**46**.

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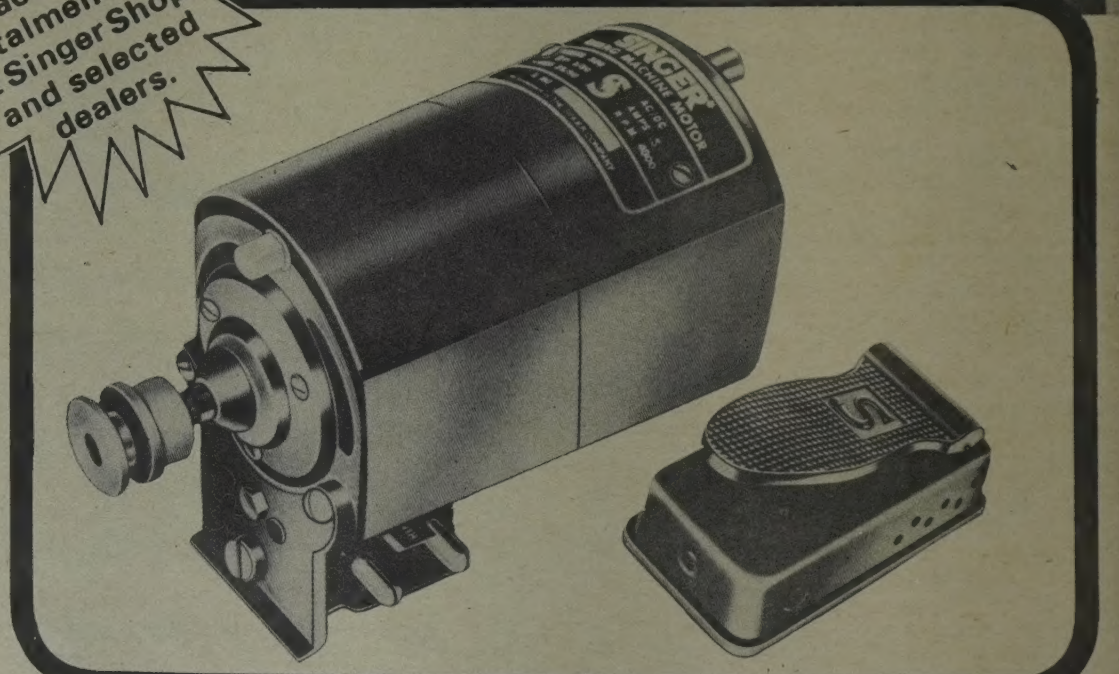

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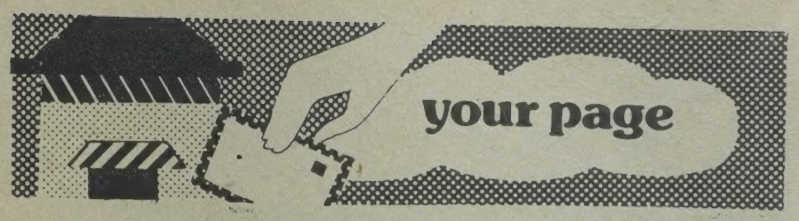


1st prize

TO HAVE, OR NOT TO HAVE. . .

In the battle between the younger and the older generations, the current trend is to take up cudgels on behalf of the former who, it is pointed out, are all too often misunderstood and repressed and are not allowed to act according to their natural inclinations. What if accepted norms and standards are by-passed or even flouted? they ask truculently. These pseudo-philosophers and do-gooders, who are great at theorising, queer the pitch for the parents, who have to grapple with the practical difficulties arising in day-to-day life. Theirs is a most unenviable position, for in their anxiety to steer clear of all the pitfalls, which may spark off a confrontation, they frequently flounder with disastrous results.

If the children are allowed to have their own way, it results in failure in exams or drop-outs or in their being unruly and unmanageable, in which case the parents are accused of having failed in their duty in not exercising enough control over them. On the other hand, if they are a little strict, they are hauled up for lacking in sense and for wilfully driving a wedge between them and their children. Then there are those parents who, having fought their way up to a life of ease and comfort, tend to be lenient with their own children so that they are spared the hardship and the suffering they themselves had undergone. They live to rue the day as it invariably backfires, for the children take life too easily and are loath to make any effort for anything.

People are slowly realising that the joy of begetting a child is not altogether an unmixed blessing. Maybe this is a good augury for F.P.!

E. Dhamayanthy Devasundaram, Madras

Most parents do not realise that when children rebel or are unruly or obstinate, they (the parents) are being "tested". Children actually want to be loved and disciplined and understood and kept in check. They run wild when they find that their parents are too busy or too un-caring or erratically strict. We feel parents very often create their own disillusionment.

2nd prize

VIOLENCE — THE AFTERMATH

Recently, a mother sued the National Broadcasting Company, a famous TV network, for $11 million, alleging that a brutal television scene led to her daughter being sexually abused in a similar manner. She claimed that the network was negligent in showing the scene.

This case highlights a controversial question: how far is the depiction of violence on screen permissible? The film-makers argue that they should be allowed full freedom in this matter as it enables them to make their art more realistic, more true-to-life. But if screen violence begets real-life violence — and there are many instances to prove that this is so — then this argument no longer holds water. It will only create a vicious circle: depiction of violence which in turn triggers off violence in real life.

Secondly, though "art for art's sake" is a popular concept today, ultimately all art is for people's sake. Therefore, though art need not necessarily edify the populace, it should not harm or destroy it either. All sensible people are likely to agree with this view. It only remains for them to give combined voice to their opinion in order to inculcate a sense of responsibility into the film producers.

P. Ganapathy, Bombay

There is far too much violence in cinema, both Western and Indian. TV, in the West, becomes a bigger culprit because it brings violence into the home. There can be no question of full freedom for the perpetration and perpetuation of senseless violence which finds its way into the lives of ordinary and, often, innocent people.

3rd prize

HOUSEWIVES, BEWARE!

Quite often, we get personnel from various service departments, calling on private houses during the daytime. It could be a repairman from the telephone exchange to rectify the 'dead' line, or the electrician from the electricity undertaking to set right a faulty connection, or the telegram delivery man with an urgent tiding, or TV service man to attend to a complaint, etc. These personnel call on homes, during their duty hours, when the male members are out at work. Many cheats and criminals in the garb of 'service personnel' also enter into houses and dupe the housewife and perpetrate robberies and physical offences. To safeguard against this, housewives should be ever vigilant before permitting entry to these persons.

I suggest that there should be proper identification methods through uniforms or badges or identity cards, so that no mistake is made. It is time something is done about it.

Parvathi Vijayan, New Delhi

This is a very real danger. Housewives are often rendered helpless by these 'visits', unable to differentiate between the genuine and the hoax. Your idea of an identification may be good — but uniform and/or badges can also be misused and misrepresented. The door-viewer, the latch-chain and a general alertness might be better. . .

THE R DOCUMENT

It is a moot point as to which possession was more valuable in earlier days: the marriage licence or the birth certificate, presuming one followed the other in the legitimate order.

But nowadays the most important document one can own is undoubtedly the ration card. If one needs a new telephone connection one has to show one's ration card. If a new gas connection is required again the ration card has to be exhibited. Even to join the public library we have to display the family ration card. Perhaps this is why the original single cardboard strip has been replaced by a more permanent cloth covered book. Who said that man does not live by bread alone?

Myola Pereira, Delhi

Indeed, bread has acquired most important and ominous connotations in everyday life. And the worst (best?) part is that one can't switch over to cake, instead!

THE GIFT

My husband, for the last fourteen years, has always forgotten my birthdays and our wedding anniversary, Always, it had to be me who wished him first, and gave him presents. He used to feel guilty afterwards — and by evening he would try to make it up to me.

This year, on my birthday, I was surprised to find that he was the first to wish me and presented me with a "Sauna" for facials. I was taken aback and, in my heart of hearts, terribly hurt and disappointed. I think I love his old forgetful self much better!

Mrs. B. Meena, Ballarsha

After fourteen years your husband remembers your birthday and you have to go and get upset and ruffled! So what if he gave you a 'Sauna'? It could be that a friend at the office spoke of it, and he thought it would make a nice gift. And even if it is a hint then take it gracefully. It shows that he cares!

READER'S VOICE

ENOUGH OF STEREOTYPES!

When will your writers stop writing stories about the wicked daughter-in-law as opposed to the saintly mother-in-law (Sept. 2)? Why must a progressive magazine like Eve's Weekly continue projecting these harmful and outdated stereotypes, which cast women in the age-old, traditional moulds, which are totally distorted?

Your magazine seems to be following a trend which upholds all that is old and puts down the young, in white and black colours. This is putting off a lot of us young readers. (A. M. Pai, Bangalore)

THE 'NOBLE' PROFESSION

Kudos to Eve's Weekly (August 26) for campaigning for the ignored, exploited lot of our teaching community. It is indeed unfair to expect dedition, devotion to the profession and a sense of commitment from teachers who are subjected to shoddy treatment by managements of schools and colleges and our Government. (Sherry Irani, Pune)

How to stay Happily Married

Getting married is largely a matter of chance even today, but to stay married - and happy - is a work of art, says this well-known marriage counsellor

Mabel Fonseca

Someone once said, "Marriage is the most exciting, difficult, dangerous and glorious adventure ever invented." The average person spends the major part of life married. Compared with other brief incidents in his life, marriage is a long — let's admit it — difficult event.

Everyone feels the complex and fundamental needs experienced by adult human beings which lead them to marriage. But almost everyone also realizes that the arrangement man has devised to meet those inborn needs is not automatically a success. The fact remains however, that marriage is the only reasonable and practical design for living. It is impossible to measure the number of so called "happy" marriages against the number of divorces. The marriages of bygone generations were often described as happy simply because they existed. Success in marriage was proved merely by the absence of an ending in infidelity, separation or blatant cruelty. A French philosopher said, "We call a wife good, and a marriage happy, not because they are, but because no one says to the contrary."

Today couples demand more from marriage than this sort of negative stability.

"Marriage is the only reasonable and practical design for living."

They want their life together to be actually and actively happy. "It doesn't occur to anyone to expect a single person to be 'happy' — but if he marries, people are much surprised if he isn't."

Many couples resign themselves to a belief that while marriage may be blissfully happy — for six months or even six years, in the very nature of things they cannot expect this condition to last forever. Such a defeatest attitude is wrong, psychologically and factually.

There is no biological or psychological reason why married love should be less intense, less exciting and less assured, thirty years after marriage than in the thirty days of the honeymoon phase. Getting married in our era and civilization is a matter of luck. Staying married is a work of art.

From a Marriage Counsellor's diary today, one can get a glimpse into modern marriage life like a multicoloured kaleidoscope weaving and presenting various facets, patterns of life styles, depicting an adjustment of the old and the new, a need for new and shared roles, and a whole set of sex expectations.

FACING THE REALITIES OF MARRIAGE:

Many of the difficulties in marriage result from the collison between one's expectations and the realities of married life. Time and again couples being counselled say that it came as a surprise to them, for instance, that a man wanted his wife to be as good a cook as his mother, or that a woman expects her husband to take interest in her studies after marriage, and her demand to give her twenty-four hours of companionship; or that the husband is not always sexually responsive; or that many of the tasks that must be performed if a marriage is to function, are routine and unimaginative rather than novel and exciting.

To add to this, the modern women and traditional concepts of marriage (to which the modern man just clings) cannot always co-exist. Take the example of Sunita: she comes from a town, brought up in a spacious house, a homogenous family, highly educated and is working. On selecting a debonair gentleman from the city, she has to adjust to a small flat, a fast moving city life, give up her job and discontinue her studies, only to find that after the first few months of marriage, all her husband wanted her to do is to be a good, traditional housewife, look after his parents and family members, cook as well as his mother, take care of domestic chores and the baby.

She could not imagine herself to be cooped up, and cut off from all physical and intellectual activity she was used to. Her frustrations started mounting as she felt he had a whole outside world before him, with a wide circle of friends and entertainment, while she has been taken for granted and existed only to meet his domestic needs. Hence begins the conflict between the new roles and expectations on the one hand and the force of traditional hang-ups on the other.

The working woman entering marriage is a new force to contend with. She is the product of social evolution, nay social revolution, which is going on around us, and marriage thus needs a new adjustment — the emancipation of the man as well, to accept the new expectations and work them out mutually to suit their needs and satisfaction.

Facing the realities of marriage means a lot of effort, understanding, sacrifice, tolerance and goodwill, and not living in an imaginary world and on superficial values. A woman, whose daughter's marriage was on the rocks, once said to me, "I've always been telling her, her face was her fortune, and with that face she could have married the best man ever, and made a success of it." Least has she realised that the daughter too has built up her personality on false premises and was responsible for creating complexes in the husband, always focussing his attention on her education, her aristocratic family, their looks, instead of being an asset to him with his abilities, and appreciating the realities of the life of a living, sharing and caring relationship.

Wrong indoctrination and false upbringing by parents or elders keep young couples away from the down-to-earth realities of a marriage, often pampering, over-protecting and not preparing them to build up the stability of marriage.

There is no doubt that today the practical aspects of marital life have been replaced by social and emotional ideas, as for instance, wanting an adaptable personality and an interesting and attractive companion, yet deep down within, retaining still the basic need of marriage — the satisfaction of deep personal needs and emotional warmth.

A second element leading to misunderstanding is money. Disagreements and quarrels over money today are probably the cause of several differences between husband and wife. "Mine" and Yours" does not

let the "We" feeling set in completely. This is specially true if the wife contributes to the household expenses. Separate accounts, expenditure on various items, etc. can create unpleasant situations and constant bickering. Thus family budgeting is an important element in modern marriage.

How to budget, who is to budget, are important issues which need attention, without hurting the egos of either partner. A wife earning more than her husband can be a constant threat and not a source of strength to him. A husband earning and the wife at home with no pocket allowance can be another cause of frustration. Shirly for example, brought up in a middle class family, dresses beyond her means, and puts up a show by living on loans. Her family has always been used to borrowing and keeping up with the Joneses. When she married, she could not adapt to the purse of her husband who is struggling to build up a new life. They are always getting into tantrums over money issues.

Thus money can sow the seeds of every misfortune in the marriage calendar. The wife, smarting under the rebukes for her wastefulness becomes sexually frigid. The husband, infuriated by his wife's demands for money, searches for another woman who will love him for himself and not for his wallet. Hence couples can be in trouble if there is an immature, unrealistic attitude toward earning, saving, and spending of money; besides, money can be used as a weapon with which to control or punish a spouse as a way of compensating for inadequacies, guilt, or the inability to give love.

The third major illusion of marriage is that it will satisfy all one's physical, mental and emotional needs. How does a person make the transition from this fantasy to a realistic view of it?

"To give up illusions is not to lower one's expectations of marriage."

This "coming down from the clouds" can be achieved only when a person is able to accept reality without overwhelming feelings of loss, or when the satisfactions of real life begin to compensate for the disappointments. Among other things, this involves giving up the illusions that marriage is one long romance and that it will meet all of one's desires and emotional problems. At the same time, it involves learning what one's spouse wants out of marriage and trying to meet his needs.

To give up illusions is not to lower one's expectations of marriage. It is, instead, to be aware that expectations are not in themselves realities, but are hopes to be realised.

SHARING COMMON GOALS:

Cultural pressures tend to promote the wishful idea that there is a standardized formula for a happy marriage, and that certain goals and patterns can be set up to which everyone should conform. The result is that many men and women enter marriage with a set of preconceived views. The tendency for such a couple (especially one with problems) is to compare the pattern of their marriage with others they see around them — friends, neighbours, relatives, or the portrayal of married life they find in the mass media. Their mistake is trying to solve their own difficulties by copying the standards they see in these other marriages. But it cannot help, as each family has its own personal situational and emotional framework in which it has to function.

Again, there is the impulse to repeat the marital patterns of the family one grew up in, especially if these patterns were satisfying. There is nothing wrong in this, provided you realize that you are now living with a person from an entirely different home, that the old ways will not necessarily work as they did before, and that they need to be modified to meet the changed circumstances.

"Marriage should be a process of growth."

But many people cannot adjust. "I like the way I lived. Why should I change?" But marriage should be a process of growth as all life should be. It is good to look at life as a "becoming" rather than as a "being," with each day offering an opportunity to add to our experience through the people we meet, the work we do, the children we raise, the persons we love.

TOGETHERNESS: STIMULATION WITHOUT SUFFOCATION:

In its constructive form, togetherness can lead to deeper companionship and greater sharing between husband and wife and to a heightened tenderness, awareness and "touching" of each other. At its best, togetherness instils a sense of belonging and provides family members with feelings of security.

But rather unfortunately, after a few years of marriage, husbands and wives start taking each other for granted.

"You don't love me like you used to," is an accusation, a cry of pain, from a woman whose dreams have been betrayed.

Togetherness must be a positive value if its purpose is to provide better communication and coming together, interdependent decisions and sharing of family chores and pleasures together.

SEX AS A LOVING, SHARING AND CARING RELATIONSHIP:

Physical union in marriage carries a responsibility greater than in most phases of living. Many marriage partners have not learnt to use sex as a way of relating and communicating, and as a consequence often live with a sense of incompleteness and frustration.

Many husbands and wives are not entirely sure what, and what not, to expect from each other sexually. But today our women are becoming more conscious of the sexual sphere. This is because the liberated single woman is aware of the needs and fulfilment of her sexual life, having had heterosexual experiences or having been informed of it through literature and friends. It requires understanding and forbearance to make sex a meaningful experience in the delicate relationship of husband and wife.

Since marriage is a combination of two personalities, each with his/her own background and requirements, give-and-take between them is essential if the combination is to work well. In the deeper sense it should be concerned with the balancing of individual emotional patterns. Giving involves the ability to meet another person's needs, assuming responsibilities and making decisions. Taking stands for the yearning all of us have in varying degrees to be able to turn to someone else for help and support.

Ideally, giving and taking between spouses should be more or less balanced. In reality it seldom is. One spouse is bound to be more dependent and insecure or more dominant and decisive, than the other. When the scales are far out of balance, when one spouse is excessively dominant or excessively dependent, the marriage can be faced with problems. When dependence/dominance conflicts harass a marriage, the tasks of accepting responsibility and making decisions are affected. But marriage involves the basic obligation to do just that. An effective approach to such a situation is the ability to be flexible and to communicate, the maturity to work out compromises, the common sense to be realistic, the wisdom to work out mutual goals.

PARENTS, IN-LAWS & MARITAL HARMONY

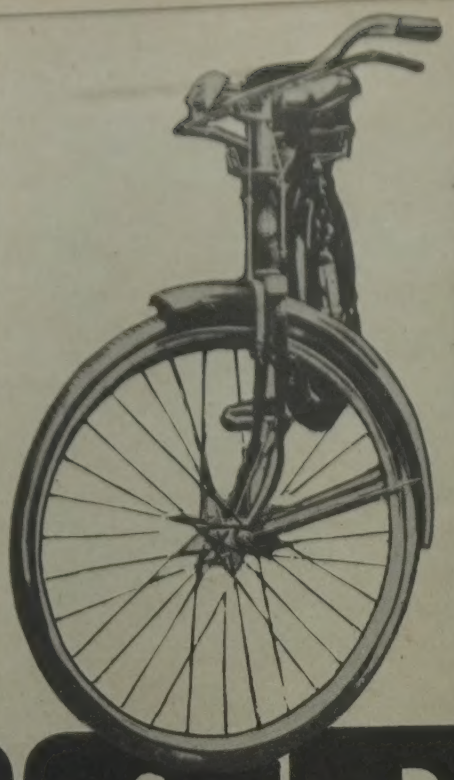
When you marry, you think you're marrying just the other person. But you're not. You're marrying into his family, with the need to adjust to their traditions and living patterns. And he's marrying into your family. Moreover, you are each bringing to the marriage all the feelings you have about your own parents. Stress between what counsellors call the marital family (husband and wife) and the biological family or family of origin (he and his parents, she and her parents) has always been a factor in marital conflict. It is not necessary to go into details about this, as so much is known to us about it, but what needs be stressed is how to handle relationships with parents and in-laws on a positive basis. One needs to be mindful of the fact that family ties are normal, necessary, and important and that a brusque rejection of these can only bring unhappiness to all; make the process of separating gradual rather than abrupt; accept

"Make the process of separation gradual."

the spouse's concern for the parental family; accept the fact that parents cannot automatically stop being interested in, and concerned about, their children just because the latter have got married, that parental help can sometimes be a wonderful thing to have; present a united front to any attempt by parents or in-laws to interfere: firmness is more effective than open hostility.

Marriages can be happy, satisfying, successful and rewarding. Although it is not realistic to compile a list of the specific ingredients for such marriages, it is feasible to

at every age



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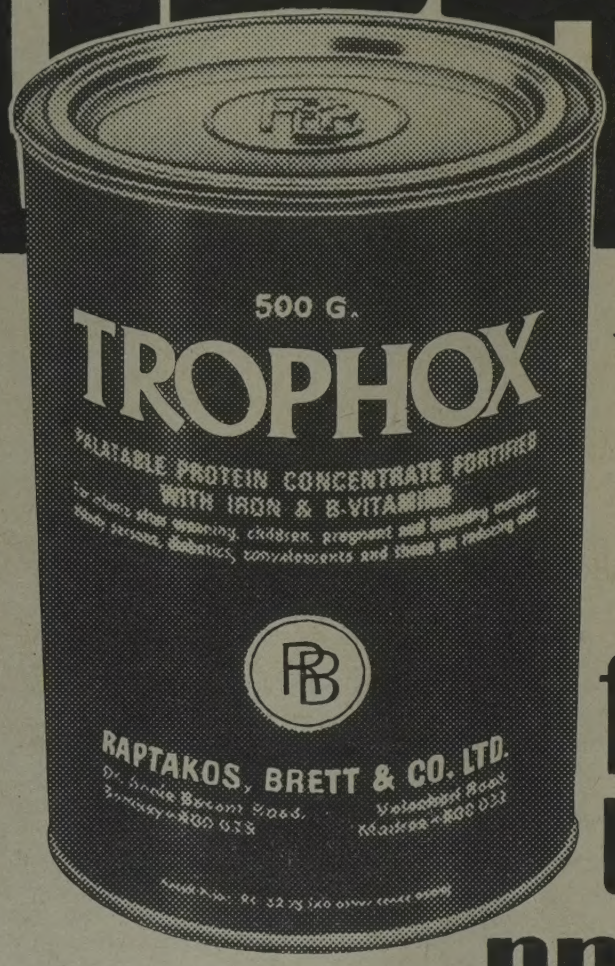

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How to stay Happily Married

pinpoint the common elements that characterize them. These would include the ability of the husband and wife

1. to communicate with each other,
2. to be close and mutually interdependent,
3. to meet each other's practical and emotional needs,
4. to work and play together, and to plan, meet and solve their problems cooperatively,
5. to share the duties and pleasures of parenthood,
6. to take pride and pleasure in each other's accomplishments and sense of self-esteem,
7. not to be self-centered as a couple, but to be productive members of their community as individuals and as a couple,
8. to respect each other's views, not to look upon a difference in opinion as criticism or loss of love,
9. to argue without quarrelling and to settle arguments without prolonged periods of hostility or estrangement. (A happy marriage does not necessarily mean one that is altogether devoid of any problems or conflicts.)
10. to cultivate a sense of humour.

The "love-solves-everything" couple is totally unprepared for the fact that successful marriage requires the use of the head as well as the heart, that it is not so much a matter of finding the right person as of being the right person. Therefore, when disillusionment sets in, as it inevitably must, such an unrealistic couple will find the letdown extremely painful.

Marriage has been described as a school where two people must learn the difficult art of living together. "They married, and lived happily ever after," may be a fine ending for a movie or a popular novel. Marriage does provide men and women the opportunity to make a success of life through personality development and rich, harmonious living. But marriage can also be a heartbreaking failure. Brutality, carelessness, indifference and infidelity can damage and destroy love and affection. That is why if two people mean to live together happily, their love, based on sex attraction, must be mature enough to stand the test of overcoming all incompatibilities of temperament and outlook, real and imaginary.

Marriage is no state in which one can escape from all the stresses and strains of life. It is no magic wand that is going to solve all human problems, and in the changing urban scene, marriage faces greater hazards. There is need for greater patience, more mutual understanding and more respectful adjustment of husband to wife and wife to husband. Happiness must be earned and in marriage happiness is earned through the joint effort of husband and wife. In the present times and in the near future certain other prerequisities will be essential, too, before entering marriage. One must select a partner of one's choice and not accept an inflicted or forced one, and be groomed for modern marriage from youth.

It is sometimes said that a happy marriage is among the best gifts life has to offer. But is it really a gift? That's where many people make their greatest mistake. A good marriage is the reward of a great deal of effort. Marriage is like any other human enterprise. And its rewards are for those who strive and toil to earn them. Like a mature and well-tended garden, a genuinely happy marriage is the result of patient and persevering effort, both before and after marriage. Young people must be made to realize the responsibilities and the duties of family life. In today's modern society, husband and wife will have to learn to be equal partners in running a home and sharing life together in a spirit of selflessness, a sense of responsibility, loyalty and commitment.

The truth is that finally a happy marriage is the highest and the most spiritualised union that mankind is privileged to enjoy on this planet. If many people do not find it, it is not the fault of marriage, but themselves.

We need to stress continually the fact that a lasting and happy marriage is an art. Some describe it as a duty. The things we ought to do in the line of duty, prod and goad us on. Those we regard as art beckon us forward. Happy marriage should always be a magnet, not a spur.

In all forms of art, perfection or near-perfection comes after experience and experiment and effort. It is the same in marriage. The passion and starry-eyed joys of the honeymoon are but callow experiments in a search for the magnificent which lies beyond the horizon. Love does not consist in gazing at each other, but in looking outward together in the same direction. In marriage, as in every other activity in living, we must seek new ideas, new angles, and fresh inspiration.

KALA YATRA—
fulfilling a lifelong ambition

"It has been a lifetime ambition for me, like building a house.

"I've had a 40-year old contact with art, ever since I was a student of the School of Art at Madras and then at the J.J. School of Art, Bombay. I specialised in portraits, but I was always a mediocre artist, so let's not talk about that.

"In contemporary art, there's little place for anyone, if he's not a big name already. It's difficult for a newcomer to get known. The fulltime art galleries are not doing the sort of promotion they should be doing. And for young artists, money is an impossibility.

"It has taken me years to work his out, years of discussing this state of affairs with other artists. It is only now that I find myself more free to put this idea of mine into action."

What was this idea which Mrs. Sara Abraham, noted art lover and collector, had been nurturing for so long?

"The basis of this idea is this: Art is for everyone. Anyone can own a piece of art."

To make it accessible to everyone, Mrs. Abraham conceived of a roving art gallery, a mobile exhibition, in which both famous and new artists would exhibit their work, and which would go from city to city, "Bombay, Delhi, Calcutta and Madras, and then hopefully, by 1980, abroad."

Kala Yatra, (that's what it's called) opened in Bombay on August 30, at the Taj Art Gallery, with the works of Husain, J. Sultan Ali, P. V. Janakiram, M. Reddeppa Naidu, M. Senathipathi, Bikash Bhattacharjee, K. Laxma Gowd, Surya Prakash, S. Nandagopal, Manohar Devadoss, Thota Tharani, and C. Douglas. "All these artists have together come forward enthusiastically. The fact that artists like Husain and the other famous ones have agreed to exhibit along with newcomers, gives the latter great confidence. It's a tremendous boost to their morale. I have left it to the artists to choose their exhibits, and to price them. There are limitations where price is concerned, there has to be a certain minimum. But the rates here are far lower than at routine exhibitions. I want people to come in and walk out with a painting, just like that," Mrs. Abraham told me, when I met her on the eve of the exhibition.

Sara Abraham

Mrs. Abraham has personally financed this Yatra.

In most exhibitions, 70 per cent of the proceeds go the gallery, and the rest to the artist. In this case, Mrs. Abraham is the gallery, and her share is just 35 per cent. The rest will go for the travel and other expenses involved if Kala Yatra is to be a success. "I'm pinning all my hopes on Bombay. The Bombay public is the best, you know. Madras just won't accept anything contemporary, and contemporary is what I have to offer. If we break even in this exhibition, we'll manage. Everyone has put in their best efforts. Sista's (the ad. agency) has been a great help."

It seems likely that Kala Yatra will fulfil both the aims designed for it by Mrs. Abraham: "To provide a means by which some of the talented Indian artists who have so far enjoyed only regional popularity, can win national recognition.

"And two, to get rid of the unfortunate notion that the enjoyment of art is for an intellectual and affluent elite. And thus to help bring art into the lives of more and more people."

But it seems highly unlikely that Kala Yatra can fulfil the principle on which it is based: Art is for everyone. For art to reach the majority of Indians who are starving, far more mass-based and radical means are needed.

children's page

POEMS FOR FUN!

Five-line funny poems are called limericks. Read and enjoy these limericks and send us some, too. We shall publish them with your name underneath. Don't forget to put your age under your name.

TOO BADSKI!

A short-sighted Russian called Bakeski
One day made a dreadful mistakeski
He thought a brown bear
(Fast asleep) was a chair
He discovered his mistakeski too lateski!

A LION'S FARE!

A trainer of lions named Blair
Put his head in one's mouth for a dare
But the lion, you see
Was quite hungry, dear me!
And all that was left was Blair's hair.

VERY DISTURBAN!

There was a young chap of Hubban
Who wore a remarkable turban;
Two rooks built a nest
On the top of its crest
And he said, "Its a shame to disturb 'em!"

HA-HA-HA!

Here are some school jokes for you. Send in your school jokes, too! Remember to put your name and age with the jokes.

Teacher: We can eat the flesh of the whale. What do we do with the bones?

Pupil: Leave them on the side of the plate, Sir!

Teacher: What can a canary do that I can't?

Pupil: Have a bath in a saucer!

Teacher: Give me what's in your mouth, Anil.

Pupil: I wish I could. It's a toothache.

Teacher: What animal with one horn is very dangerous?

Pupil: A motor car, Sir.

Teacher: What great men in history rose by their own efforts?

Pupil: Those with alarm clocks, Sir.

Teacher: This essay on "Our Dog" is exactly the same as your brother's.

Pupil: Yes sir. It's the same dog!

FOLK TALES

FOLK TALES FROM SCOTLAND

GIANTS COME TO ORKNEY

Far in the Scottish glens lay the kingdom of Orkney. The King of Orkney was a good and just man and the land rich and fertile. But the people were not happy. The King was a worried man, because there was little to eat. The reason for this was that every night enormous giants would climb down from the hills and carry away whatever food they could find — wheat, vegetables, fruit, wine.

At last, the King found a solution. But he did not know if it would work. He waited at night for the giants to come. When they did come striding down the mountains, the King asked his courtiers to make a lot of noise to attract their attention.

"What is this?" asked one giant, bending low to pick up the King in the palm of his hand.

"I am the King of Orkney and I will give you whatever you want if you will stop taking away our food," said the King.

The giant smiled. "You are a courageous man. For your bravery we will do as you want. But only if you give us one of your three daughters to keep house for us."

The King agreed and sent his youngest and most talented daughter with the giants. The princess cleaned and swept the cave and cooked food for them.

"This is good but not enough," said the giants. "You must weave cloth for us to wear."

The princess did not know how to weave. As she sat worrying over this problem, a tiny little man, no bigger than her little finger, came from nowhere and said, "I am hungry; can you give me some food to eat?"

Although the princess was worried, she did not frown at the little man. Instead, she made some food for him and watched him eat.

"Thank you," said the little man when he had finished. "Can I help you, too?"

"Oh yes!" sighed the Princess. "Can you teach me how to weave? I have to make cloth for the four giants."

"Of course, I will help you. In fact, we will all come and help you." So saying, the little man left.

He came back within one hour and with him were an army of little men. They sat and wove and very soon a lot of cloth was made.

"The tallest giant needs the most cloth," said the little man to the princess. "He has a funny name Rosernosorpenopen. . . four o's, three r's, three e's, three n's and two s's. Very odd, isn't it?"

That evening, the giants were very pleased to find so much cloth made. "You are very good," said the tallest giant. "If you can tell my name, we shall send you back to your father."

"Yes, yes," agreed the other giants laughing together, "If you can tell us his name, you can go back."

"Is that a promise?" asked the princess.

"Of course!" said the giants, enjoying the joke. The tallest giant's name was so difficult that they did not use it even among themselves.

"Your name has four o's, three r's, three e's, three n's and two s's," said the princess slowly. As the giants stared in amazement, the princess said, "Your name is Rosernosorpenopen!"

Keeping their promise, the giants gave back the princess to the King and never troubled Orkney again.

ONAM:
Kerala's colourful festival

Beautiful flower designs lend a festive air.

Onam is a festival of joy and plenty in which all communities and castes of Kerala, wherever they may be, participate with equal enthusiasm

Susie Kuruvilla

When Mahabali ruled over the land, the people lived in harmony and unity, there was peace and plenty and everyone was happy — so goes a Malayalam ditty praising the reign of the popular King Mahabali.

The people of Kerala go gay on Thiruvonam day. It is a day of rejoicing for the farmer and all those who till the land. It is a season of plenty. After two months of heavy monsoons, of scarcity and much distress, they wake up to a bright, sunny day. Nature herself gives the place a spring cleaning.

A rich harvest is gleaned, the produce of the land, like tapioca, paddy, different varieties of yams, bananas, and all other fruits and vegetables are in plenty, indeed it's a season of mellow fruitfulness. The farmer sits back with satisfaction, proud of the results of his labour. It is a time to celebrate, to relax, to rejuvenate oneself before hard work beckons him back.

Like all Indian festivals, Onam has a mythological significance to coincide with this period of Nature's bounty. Legend has it that King Mahabali was a most benevolent and charitable king. The people lived in happiness, their daily wants were satisfied and they could always appeal to their king without fear. There was unity in the land and no man was in need.

But it irked the lesser gods to think that ordinary mortals should enjoy such perfect bliss and they were itching to bring about some kind of disruption to this harmonious state of affairs. They went together to Vishnu with their plaint. He readily agreed to go down to the earth on a fact finding mission.

He went as Vamana, a dwarf Brahmin. In all humility he presented himself before the great king, and humbly requested for just so much ground as would be covered by his three dwarf steps. The king's charitable nature was legendary. "Of course, you can readily have it," was the king's reply.

Vamana then took one step and it covered the whole earth, the second covered heaven and there was nowhere for the third step. Now Mahabali knew Vishnu himself was standing before him and in all humility bowed down his head for the Lord to place his foot, and Mahabali was pushed down to the nether world.

But before going, he begged to be vouchsafed a boon. And when Vishnu agreed, he asked to be allowed to visit his beloved subjects once a year. Onam coincides with this visit when the people eagerly await their beloved king. Each household waits for the royal visitor and makes elaborate preparations.

Keralites everywhere celebrate Onam, irrespective of whether they are Hindus, Christians or Muslims. In fact, this festival seems to have gained even international recognition. In foreign countries with large numbers of Keralites, people from all communities and countries are invited and participate enthusiastically.

Preparations for the festive day start ten days earlier. And what better way is there than saying it with flowers? The courtyards of the houses are swept and cleaned, and a carpet of flowers is laid. It starts on the day of Attham, and the petals of the atthapoo, kakkapoo, thumbapoo and other colourful flowers are used. A clay image of the king is also made, with details added for ten days till Thiruvonam, the joyous culmination.

On Onam day, the household is awake at an early hour, and after the ritual baths, an elaborate puja to worship Mahabali is performed. During feudal times, tenants of a landlord used to come in large numbers to pay homage with the produce of the land. This visit was known as the Thirumul Kazhcha. The master in his turn presented them with clothes, the Onapudava. Of course, much of this has disappeared as the feudal system does not exist any more.

Like all festivals, feasting is an important component of Onam. The whole morning is spent on preparing the traditional lunch. A typical Onam lunch consists of over a hundred dishes the most important of which are naalu curry (four dishes): kalan, olan, errisseri and koottu. Avial, a pot pourri of all vegetables, which is a must, has acquired a universal appeal. It is significant that even non-vegetarians go completely vegetarian on Onam day. There is a variety of pickles to tickle the palate, fried stuff and chips galore, with rasam and curds. And finally, the rich creamy payasam as dessert. It is a gourmet's delight and the pride of the housewife.

Lunch over, everyone is ready for dance and games. The kaikottikali which is associated with Onam is performed by groups of girls dancing in circles. There are traditional songs known as villadichaan pattue, the ville being a musical instrument shaped like a bow. For the men there are more strenuous games like attakali, very similar to kabbadi.

Boat racing has come to form an integral part of Onam celebrations now, and is drawing large tourist crowds as part of the Kerala scene.

This sport received a marked impetus when Jawaharlal Nehru visited Kerala and offered to institute a prize if the race became an annual affair. Last year was the 25th anniversary of the Nehru Trophy.

Aranmula and Alleppey are the two most popular places where the boat race is held. It has become so widely known that year after year more and more tourists are drawn to the remote places in the months of August/September.

The boats are beauties to behold. Graceful yet majestic in appearance, they are about sixty metres long with a high prow. They are known as the chundan valloms or snake boats manned by a hundred men without distinction of caste or creed. There are high caste Brahmins, Muslims, Christians, and men from the backward communities.

Excitement mounts as the day draws near. The boats are got ready and there is a practice run in the morning, after which the oarsmen relax for a while. A heavy lunch gives them all the energy they need.

And then they are off! Great excitement prevails among the spectators, as the colourful boats, each decorated better than the other vie with each other for the first place. The men burst into a rhythmic song to keep them all pulling the oars on time.

The Vanjipattu or the boat song has inspired many a Kerala poet to give of his best. And as the spectators wait with bated breath, all too soon the race is over. The crowds slowly wend their way back to their jobs and homes. One more Nehru Trophy Boat Race is over, one more Onam is over, but there will be one next year, and it is awaited with eager anticipation.

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THE CHANGING FACE OF MARRIAGE

Meher Pestonji

Future marriages will be the nest that a homing bird returns to, and at the same time it will encourage adult birds to fly. The fourth article in our futurology series

It is a tastefully decorated apartment in Bombay's affluent Cumballa Hill area. Blown-up glossies of the type only advertising people live comfortably with, shelvesful of books and bric-a-brac, plush furnishing in tones of beige, blue and brown, create an aura of casual elegance. Dolly Thakore and Alyque Padamsee have been living here for eight years and have recently decided to cement their union by having a child.

"When we first moved in, the neighbours were hostile and suspicious, taking me to be what they considered a 'loose woman,'" Dolly said with a wry smile. "But over the years they have come to realize that I am not all that different from them and by now they accept me without fuss.

"Why should a certificate be required to legalize a relationship between persons?" she asks. "Emotional bonds that link people together are both stronger and more valid than a mere scrap of paper that forms a legal document. Most of the married couples I know are bored with each other and remain together simply out of habit. Both get their main satisfaction in life outside the marital relationship — either from their job, or from a hobby, or they slip into extra-marital affairs. The taking each other for granted that invariably sets in after marriage, stifles all the excitement from a relationship, excitement that is essential to keep a relationship vibrant and alive.

"Just because a woman does not get married that's no reason why she should deprive herself of the privileges of motherhood. After all, procreation is the fulfilment of a basic instinct, especially for women. I don't think a child born out of wedlock is likely to be subjected to very much more stress than any other. In today's changing environment bringing up a child is a gamble anyway. You see children from supposedly wealthy, happy families turning to drugs and drinks. What a child needs is security and security is essentially an internal feeling that you can pass on to your child only if you yourself are secure. Speaking for myself, I am fully confident I will be able to do this."

Dolly's views would undoubtedly be considered radical by the majority in India, but it is undeniable that Western influence is permeating urban Indian culture, especially at the upper levels of society. Social scientists have been apprehensive and recently a workshop was organised to discuss the future of marriage by the Indian Council of Management and Future.

Among the issues considered were, how far do social and environmental changes threaten to affect the very fibre of the institution of marriage? To what extent is the changing of the woman's traditional role influencing the nature of marital relatiohs? Will marriage survive as a form of living for future generations? In what ways will their concept of marriage be different from what is customary today?

The institution of marriage is integral to Indian culture and this is unlikely to change in the foreseeable future. By and large, the average Indian has his roots deeply embedded in tradition. A spirit of radical defiance drives some to experiment with new lifestyles, but more often than not most people are unwilling to set the seal of permanence on experimental values. Thus a few avant-garde couples may live together for a few years but invariably decide to get married before having a child. It is pointed out that there have always been deviants from the mainstream of society, so the real difference is not what is being done but the fact that it is being done openly.

Far more widespread and distinctly perceivable are the changes that are occurring within the structure of marriage. Traditional values are being questioned and modified by progressive ideas. There is a subtle shift in emphasis that allows an individual greater freedom to assert himself while remaining within the framework of the existing system, and to strive to achieve relationships of greater depth on the basis of companionship and creativity.

Moreover, the individual is actively involved in the decision making process rather than being expected to merely fall in line with a pattern pre-determined by convention. For example, even where arranged marriages continue to be the order of the day, more often than not the young couple are allowed to meet and are given the freedom to accept or reject the other.

The winds of change are sweeping, but gradually. With higher education and employment among women and the consequent greater opportunities for intermingling between the sexes, marriage by choice or love marriage is on the increase. All the same, many young persons find security in the existing system of arranged marriages. Aruna Bhattacharya, a college student, says, "Suppose I don't meet a man I want to marry? Or suppose he doesn't want to marry me? I don't want to remain a spinster all my life. If I didn't know my parents would find a boy for me, I'd be looking at every man I met as a prospective husband! Meanwhile if I find someone on my own, I know they will accept him as long as he is a Hindu, from a good family."

Among the educated classes, caste and communal barriers appear to show signs of breaking down, and it is likely that this trend will gather momentum in the near and distant future. But religion retains a fairly strong hold in the minds of people including the younger generation, and inter-religious marriages are generally frowned upon.

Winston Mascarenhas, also a college student, says, "I myself would not want to marry a non-Catholic. We'd have had such different up-bringings that I don't think we could ever really understand each other. It's all right to talk of compromise when you're in love, but over the years when important values are involved (and religious values are always important) compromising would leave both persons feeling dissatisfied."

A different view is expressed by Oxford educated Jaywant Doshi. "It would be vital for me to be able to relate to my wife at the intellectual level as much as at the physical, emotional and social levels. The question of relating would be far more important than caste, communal or even religious considerations. I would want her to be interested in and involved with current affairs. I would want to have stimulating discussions with her in which I can respect her views

Continued on page 19

Lustrous Hair

Kaushi Bhatia

WHAT TYPE OF HAIR DO YOU HAVE? IS IT HEALTHY? CHECK AGAINST THE POSSIBLE PROBLEMS GIVEN HERE AND TREAT IT ACCORDINGLY

Healthy hair is beautiful hair. Since it thrives on protein, a high protein diet is a must. Temporary loss of hair can be corrected by protein rich foods. Therefore, you should have plenty of lean meat, poultry, eggs, milk, cheese, fish, nuts and beans. Vitamin B is very essential for hair. It is found in liver, soya beans, curds, milk, peanuts, wheat flour, etc. Minerals — iron, copper and iodine — also play an important role. Meat, green leafy vegetables, almonds, eggs, tomatoes, soya beans, apricots, drum sticks are good source of iron. Traces of copper can be found in nuts, cereal foods, meat and green leafy vegetables. The best source of iodine is sea food. Curds is said to be wonderful for those on the verge of greying — it is believed to restore colour to the hair.

Apart from the right diet, lavish proper care on your hair according to its type. Hair can be oily, dry, thin/falling, coarse/thick or split.

OILY HAIR

Most often those with oily skin have oily hair due to over-active glands. In order to minimise excessive oil production, cut out all oily food stuffs from your diet — chocolates, nuts, butter, cream, fried food and also spices.

Cleanliness plays a very important role in the care of oily hair which requires frequent shampooing. Forget old wives' tales that tell you about the harm done by too frequent washing of hair. Hair should be shampooed as often as it becomes dirty — may be every alternate day or even daily. Since oil attracts dirt, frequent shampooing of hair is a must. Obviously if the hair is long, this is rather uncomfortable and time-consuming. The ideal length for oily hair is medium to short. A lemon shampoo is better suited for this type of hair. Minimise the use of a hair drier. Do not "squeeze" wet hair. Allow the water to drip off naturally, then wrap a towel around your head until the hair is almost dry.

As hair spray attracts dust and grime, avoid heavy spraying as far as possible.

The next step in hair is brushing. Brushing of oily hair makes it all the more oily, some believe. This is far from true. Frequent brushing brings the oil from the scalp to the ends of hair. This is good as otherwise the excess oil may pool on the scalp. Occasionally cover your brushes and combs with a cheese-cloth or nylon stocking, so that they absorb some of the oil while brushing. Finally, be sure you wash your brushes and combs as often as possible to keep them meticulously clean. Remember, dirt is your worst enemy.

DRY HAIR

As with oily hair, quite often, those with dry skin have dry and rough hair, although this is not always the case. The first point to remember is to try and preserve the natural oil in the hair. This can be done by avoiding the use of water while combing hair. Hot sun and strong winds have an adverse effect on dry hair. Therefore remember to cover your hair on such occasions. Also wear a bathing cap when you swim, specially in salt water.

Pamper your hair by frequent brushing in order to stimulate the flow of oil into the hair and hair ends. A lanolin rich shampoo is ideal for dry hair. Minimise spraying as it will dry your hair further. This type of hair requires an oil-based hair tonic. Warm pure olive oil, coconut oil or almond oil. Then make partings along the hair and dab the oil with fingertips. Massage the scalp vigorously but carefully so as not to break the hair. Massaging helps the oil to penetrate into the scalp, accelerate growth and add lustre to the hair. Wring out a towel in hot water and wrap your head with it. Keep it on as long as the heat lasts. Repeat in the same manner a few more times. Then shampoo the hair.

Dry hair is more brittle and liable to break, therefore, avoid backcombing, sleeping in rollers and a too stiff brush. Brush hair gently with a soft brush.

THIN/FALLING HAIR

If your hair is thin or too fine, there is less "body" and such hair does not set easily. However, the nicest asset about such hair is its texture which is satiny smooth. Avoid backcombing and excessive spraying — this results in breakage. Keep it short to medium in length. A perm can help fight limpness. Fine hair can be oily or dry so shampoo it according to its condition. Brush it as often as possible using a good brush. Exposure to sun accelerates falling of hair, so protect it from the effects of the sun.

COARSE/THICK HAIR

Most often coarse hair is curly with the result it becomes very difficult to handle it. A proper cut and thinning is a must for a head-hugging style. Big rollers are ideal to smooth away the curls. For the sake of convenience, do not keep such hair too long or too short. Brush frequently to tame curly hair. If your hair is thick and straight, you can wear it any length. Thorough shampooing is a must for such hair. Use a nylon brush with tapered or rounded bristles and not square ones.

SPLIT HAIR

The ragged tips of split hair indicate the damage done to the keratin of the hair shaft. Generally the split ends are cut off to solve the problem. But then the new ends will start to fray. It is necessary to rebuild the keratin in the hair shaft before cutting off the ends. Brush hair to remove dust and flakes. Then wet it, pour a good shampoo and wash hair as usual. Repeat once again. Do this twice a week for about a month.

Certain precautions should be taken for split hair. Wrap each section of hair in tissue paper before fastening with clips, in order to reduce pressure on hair. Do not use broken brushes and combs. Use a comb in which the teeth are uniformly spaced. And avoid a very fine comb as this causes more friction. Do not jerk a comb or brush while combing hair.

Follow the above routine and it will not be long before you have healthy and lustrous hair.

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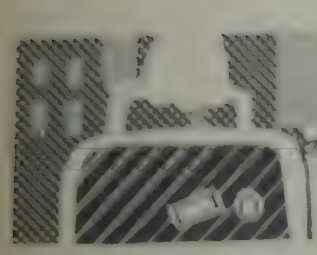

passing through

MARTHA STUART:

T.V. Producer

Programmes about people and their problems

Lata Mani

Martha Stuart is really quite a remarkable person. She is an independent television producer whose series "Are You Listening?" (brought to America by the Public Broadcasting Service) has arrived fresh and full of vitality, upon a US television scenario that is at best mindless, dry, inane, and at worst, irresponsible and arrogant about its viewers.

"Are You Listening?" says Martha, "is a series of programmes about people who are talked about but seldom listened to." Her programmes evolve out of current social, economic, political and human issues and the technique she adapts is quite unique.

"What I'm asking is, are you really taking these people in? Listening is such a beautiful word and really listening has so much to do with loving and learning and suggests a kind of understanding."

Among themes the programme has been concerned with are, women who have had an abortion, women who have chosen not to, prisoners, prison guards, women in management, men who are working with women in management, parents of emotionally disturbed children, policemen, key women at the International Women's Year and village women in Egypt. One feels justified in using the word "concerned" because Martha Stuart's approach to her programmes expresses just this. As the viewer enters the programme, the participants are seated in a casual semi-circle, talking about themselves. Martha Stuart asks no questions and says very little throughout.

This, she believes, is one of the reasons that viewers get so involved in the programmes. This way, they are forced, in a sense, to assume a certain responsibility about asking the questions and thinking out the problems.

Also, "if they (the viewers) hear them (the participants) through me, it removes them quite a bit; (then) I'm a broker and I'm against brokers."

This technique is particularly important because she has used her programmes as testimony (her Abortion programmes have been shown in the US State Legislature) and also as a teaching tool for leaders. And she would like for example politicians and heads of Family Planning Associations to listen to these women talking on abortion without her "laying traps on them."

"We are moving from a world of authority and control to one of information and choice. We need to use television as a medium for sharing information and reinforcing choice."

Letting people speak for themselves is obviously the best way to do this.

Martha Stuart was born in New England, part native American and a third generation feminist. (Her grandmother was a healer and her mother, dean of women in a high school.) Encouragement and approval from her family were key factors in her growth as a person. But it was the 1950's and in most places she was "an anomaly." Nevertheless, an adventurist she was, and at various times she has worked as a copywriter, journalist, photographer. ("Pictures have always been my currency") and hostess of a women's television show, where everybody felt "I was lucky enough as a woman to be working there and that I should just interview all the eyelash manufacturers."

Looking back, she feels that she has learnt a number of valuable lessons from those early years. One, that it is exciting to get people who fear each other to talk with one another. She organised the exposition for the 50th Anniversary of the State of Oklahoma and invited the Russians. Their participation helped in warming the cold war.

Experience has taught her the futility of grappling with networks and "powers that be" for professional and artistic freedom. She suggests that everyone should break loose and use any means available to make whatever alternative possible, and then seek to elicit people's response This is a great way, particularly for women, who might otherwise spend futile years trying to fight their way up in an organisation. Martha Stuart left the networks for precisely this reason and raised funds for her ideas from organisations like the

Ford Foundation, IBM, Exxon, AT & T, USAID and Western Electric.

"It seems very logical now to me, but I don't want to give any woman the impression that I had it all figured out. . . it's a process...but it came from my stomach, you know, the hunches."

One such successful experiment, and later crusade, was with birth control.

"One of the things that I wanted to do was to make birth control all right to talk about."

She used the first feedback radio station in the US to talk about just that and forty calls were received in the first ten minutes. Concerned that the issue was being blamed on the Catholics and realising that fear of the powerful Roman Catholic Church could antagonise and even retard legislative action and approval of government funds for family planning, she convinced Planned Parenthood (US National Family Planning Association), to set up a stall at the World Trade Fair, New York. Thus she began to focus attention on the issue.

She went on to secure a number of other clients, including Notre Dame (a Catholic University) and Catholic couples (part of the International Christian Family Movement); generated discussion, taught the rhythm method to Catholic women and got a signature campaign going to support the statement that Catholics did not need protective legislation nor wished to impose their views on the rest of the community. To her conference in 1967, came Catholic and birth control leaders, Masters and Johnson (the sex researchers), nuns and archbishops and even eight Cardinals.

"Here I was, a divorced woman and atheist also, working for Planned Parenthood. So how could I be more fearful to them?"

But a common concern bound them. In any case, Martha Stuart believes that "Nothing human is all black or all white. And we get polarized because we don't talk to each other about these things."

Meanwhile, public opinion was being mobilized, personal fears blown, government and medical profession made to sit up. Also Martha Stuart was being invited to appear in a number of television and radio shows where she would provide, at the station's behest, an "other side" consisting of really liberal Catholics who would talk of social change and not reinforce the angers and the stereotype.

"Now the issue is how best to do it, not whether to do it. We changed it into a matter of civil rights or personal choice in four years."

Martha Stuart has travelled widely and worked outside the US — in Egypt, in Africa, and even in India. Her programme "Couples in India," had Indian couples talking about family planning. She hopes to return to work in India in the future. Language has never been a barrier for her. She feels that it's a question of overcoming the fear threshold about a different language and "letting your other senses work — eyes, touch, smell, warmth, feeling." And although a precise conversation may not have been possible with those speaking other tongues, it has never hampered her establishing rapport or understanding them.

One leaves Martha Stuart with the impression that one has met a special person — a self-styled agent of change," who produces "desarollo video," believes that "one person can make a difference" and has to know "that people know their options and that they can make their own choices," a feminist who is working towards human development.

"We forget that the antithesis of anger, polarization, ugliness, and war are things that we create actively. They are not just the absence of tension nor the war against warmongers, but the making of beauty, the making of understanding, the sharing of different views. We make life as well as death."

Schumaker once said to Martha Stuart that she produced television "as if people matter." Martha says, "People respond to reinforcement" and asks, "why not reinforce understanding as much as we reinforce violence?"

Why not, indeed.

THE CHANGING FACE OF MARRIAGE

Continued from page 15

whether or not I agree with them. I guess this means that the girl I marry will have to be fairly well-educated."

Similarities in socio-economic and cultural backgrounds is sought on the same grounds of fostering mutual compatibility. Undeniably, there is a moving away from tradition, but whereever values are being replaced the practical question being asked is, "Will it lead to a stable, more fulfilling relationship or will it cause greater distress after the lustre wears off?"

Generally, the outlook on marriage itself is changing from considering it merely a social institution established to ensure a balanced continuity of the race, to a more dynamic association between persons having similar ideas and interests. In the traditional joint family of old, persons inter-related as members of a group rather than as units or couples. A man's relationship with his wife may have been no deeper than his relationship with his brother. In urban centres with the joint family breaking up into nuclear units comprising husband, wife and unmarried children, there is increased communication between the couple and consequently deeper bonds. Tension is also generated as new behaviour patterns have to be established.

An indication of deeper husband/wife bonds is provided by Sunil Desai in his approach towards a woman's sexuality. Sunil a Gujarati, the owner of a department store in Baroda, got married to Maya, a Maharashtrian, against the wishes of her parents. "In the beginning, my wife was extremely shy and almost frightened of sex. As is quite common, she had been told nothing by her parents. So then it becomes the husband's duty to take the initiative in breaking down her inhibitions. He must recognise that her sexual needs are as important as his own and that by making her enjoy the sexual aspect of marriage he will be enhancing his own pleasure."

Increased communication is also reflected in parent/child relations. Taboo subjects are being talked about and in certain areas many feel the necessity for such discussions.

Imen Hussaini said, "I woke up one morning to find my bedsheet soaked in blood. I was terribly frightened and thought I must have injured myself or contracted some terrible disease. It was a Friday and my mother had gone for namaaz and since my father was at home I went to him. He just looked at me in a peculiar way and said I should wait for my mother. I suppose he must have been embarrassed. But for two hours till my mother came home, I thought I was going to die and was crying out of sheer fright. I wouldn't want my daughter to go through anything like that. I certainly plan to prepare her well in advance."

Higher education among women, the consequent development of the personality and the confidence gained by having the capacity for economic independance have considerably enhanced women's stature and reflect themselves in the marital set up.

Shalini Rao, a 32-year-old gynaecologist, says, "Women's education is the fulcrum behind the changing value system. For instance, dowry becomes meaningless for the working woman as her husband isn't really expected to support her except through spells of childbirth or illness. I earn almost as much as my husband who is an executive engineer in a construction company. I must confess, at times this does tend to make me more assertive and demanding than I can ever imagine my mother being. My mother is forever telling me that it's all right for women to demand equality but in marriage the husband is always more equal than the wife!"

Ambivalance, confusion and double standards surround the concept of new role expectations. While the modern husband expects his wife to be more of a companion than just a homemaker, when areas of interest, clash, he expects to have the dominant voice. Given the hypothetical proposition that a family budget can be stretched to accommodate one major household item — either a refrigerator (which the wife needs) or a TV set (which the husband wants) — the majority said it would be a joint decision, a smaller proportion said it would be the husband's decision, but not a single woman was prepared to take a decision without her husband's consent.

All the same, the question of male dominance is slowly but perceptibly changing. Indu Gupta, a 22-year-old journalist, said, "I certainly can't see myself falling in line with all my husband's decisions, much less telling my daughter that in marriage one partner is more equal than the other! That sounds absurd! The kind of man I'd expect to marry would have to respect me for what I am."

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Vrinda Nabar, a professor at Bombay University, has retained her maiden name even after marriage. "The idea behind a woman changing her name symbolises equating her to a piece of property that once belonged to her father and is, in the process of marriage, being transferred to her husband. I refuse to accept the status of being a piece of property. Over the years I have established an identity, both to myself and to others, as Vrinda Nabar. I have not become a different person, so why should I take on a different name? My husband has accepted this and respects me for my views."

More ambivalence and confusion surround questions over existing values of morality. While most people are reluctant to support Dolly Thakore's views or lifestyle, the under-30s were also unwilling to condemn it out of hand, and even many of the over-40s were not ready to socially ostracise persons who decided to live differently. Said 36-year-old Vandana Deshpande, who is a social worker, "She can do whatever she wants as long as she doesn't try to influence others. I wouldn't stop my children from playing with hers just because their mother is not married. But if they picked up bad habits, then I would stop them, like I would with any child who gave them bad habits."

Liberalisation is also evident in the changing attitude towards divorce. The general opinion considered it a possible alternative to a totally unworkable marital relationship, but it was felt that divorce should be sought only as a last resort after all efforts at compromise failed. Many, however, felt that when children were involved it should be avoided regardless of the consequences.

"But at least it's better than committing suicide," says Meenaz Bannerjee, a school teacher whose sister is divorced. "Undoubtedly there is a social stigma and the first two, three, four years can be very difficult. But at least after that it is possible to start building a new life."

Psychologists contend that the human being experiences two conflicting psychological needs — the need to feel secure in the environment he lives in and the need to express himself freely so as to develop his personality fully. Through the ages the institution of marriage has catered mainly to the need for security, more so in the case of women. The present changes indicate the individual's struggle to free himself from cliched conventions and to enrich the quality of his life by expressing his creativity in various spheres. Since freedom without roots becomes meaningless, future marriages will be the nest that a homing bird returns to, and at the same time it will encourage adult birds to fly.

KERALA

IS A STATE OF MIND

Hugh & Colleen Gantzer

The only way to appreciate the State is to step off the beaten path and let the images settle as they will

We shall never understand them, of course. We've been here ten years but we shall never understand them. For the Malayalee mind is like the silver flow of a backwater: sinuous, evasive, brilliant. And Kerala is not just a state: it's a state of mind. The only way to appreciate it is to step off the beaten path and let the images settle as they will.

Legends flutter over the land. The legend of Thomas, Apostle of Christ, being guided to Kerala by Habban the Jew. And of the first Muslim and of the first mosque in the sub-continent. And of Roman legions and Greek traders; Portuguese hidalgos and Dutch burgers. All of them came and saw and were conquered by this baffling little land. But all left their imprint on the indelible bias of history.

Old tales tell of the king of Alleppey who invited the Dutch to drain his water-logged town. They came in, threaded it with canals, spanned it with bridges, and helped it to become the chief spice and coir centre of the area. Pepper and coir still flow down the canals of Alleppey, an hour's drive from Cochin the commercial capital.

We bought tickets from the Inland Waterways office, a pagoda-roofed structure in deference to ancient trade links with China, and caught a ferry to Kottayam. Put-putting through the Venice-like town, we sailed into a broad lake.

Here, on the second Saturday of August every year, the Nehru Trophy Boat Race is held. Crowds line the banks like massed flowers, 100-oared **chundans** flash past, and spirited palm-arrack fuels the holiday-riotous spectators. These races recall the visit of Jawaharlal Nehru but, even before that, the **chundans** ruled the flat and watered Kuttanad, as this region is named.

Piracy and aquatic war were the main occupations of the people after the bountiful harvest had been gathered in. And the regattas and the river pageants of Kerala still re-live those ancient post-harvest clashes.

The ferry trip is unique. Green fields stretch as far as the eye can see, dotted occasionally by lines of working women. The ferry touches one bank and then the other, stopping at little hamlets. And all the while the die-straight stone levees of the canal are pierecd by enormous cannon-mouths of pipes gouting water. For if the pumps of the Kuttanad cease to work the whole land will return to the blue waters of Kerala. The lush and emerald Kuttanad is sub-aqueous polder land, and the canals flow higher than the horizon-spanning fields.

Kottayam, the end of the journey, is Geneva-in-the-Palms or Rome-on-the-Backwaters: smug, self-satisfied, content in its affectations and its affluence. This is the home of the ancient Syrian Christian community where the "old-families" claim descent from warrior Nairs and hyper-Bhraminical Nambudiris converted by Christ's apostle St. Thomas himself.

Every year they hold enormous family conclaves where the youngsters get to know who's who and listen to the elders' tales and know what's what. For though the youth of this ancient people are scattered throughout the world and wear bikinis in Nice and Levis in New York and boots and midis in Rome, when they return to Kottayam they are re-pressed into the mould of acceptability: a respectable girl never walks outside her

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ABOVE: In Kottayam, at the annual boat race, crowds line the banks as 100-oared chundans flash past.

home, is never seen but in a sari, and marriages may be made in heaven but the elders give the Lord a helping hand.

We visited the Valia Palli, the Old Church, where a stone cross with strange writing is said to have been brought by the Apostle. And the Cheria Palli, the Little Church, where a Portuguese painted a mural of Christ, and Hindu artisans carved the gables and

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Exotic costume used for Kathakali, the spectacular dance drama of Kerala.

the boundary walls in the temple mode.

The knife-sharp edges of faith have a way of bending and blending in Kerala, and religion is an eclectic thing blurred by time.

Up in the mist-softened hills beyond Kottayam cardamom grows, and teak and tea, and the flooded valley of Thekkady is a Kerala cliche. It must be the world's most accessible sanctuary where the dammed Periyar river flows around rising green hills and elephant herds chomp in swaying serenity.

But with all this bounty, Kerala's tourism organisations know little about tourism and less about organisation. They make all the errors of an inefficient bureaucracy, and many that are unique to themselves. For instance, there is a state-run hotel that sits on the banks of the lake. The lake, incidentally is a reservoir. And yet, when we went to wash our hands in a basin we found that there was no water in the tap because the hotel tanks had run dry! Oh Kerala!

We sped over the Cardamom Hills and far away entered another land and, almost, another time, though it was still Kerala. Munnar, a company town, nestles in a river-watered valley that looks like Switzerland and has the quiet gentility of Victorian England. And all around the manicured hills of tea rise like enormous green sponges protecting a soft and unreal Disney world. Up a winding road we left the tea behind and came to steep slopes covered in grass. This was the Tahr Reserve, protected home of the rare Nilgiri Ibex though luck did not favour us and we saw none of these graceful beasts.

Down in the wooded valley, however, a young planter instructed us in the mysteries of breeding trout in thatched hatcheries and shaded streams and a mesh-covered pool where an artificial fall foams white water to excite the temperamental fish.

The lush and emerald landscape of Kerala.

A view of Kovalam Beach.

A Scotsman would feel very much at home in these highlands. And this, too, is Kerala.

Racing down to Trivandrum we passed elephants working and pilgrims chanting. And red-flagged Communists. And starched white nuns. And a golden god on a tusker. And uniformed lines of school kids adding to the literacy of India's most literate and politically conscious state.

Trivandrum is politics and a beach and an ancient royal tradition. Across the Tamil border the Kerala Government still maintains the old Padmanabhapuram Palace: ruby mica in the windows, medicinal woods on the beds, and a black sheen on the floors made of lime and burnt coconut shell and the whites of a myriad eggs. The ancient toilets were distinctively His and Hers and the armoury had weapons that only giants could wield. Perhaps there were giants in those days, perhaps.

But in the **kalari**, the thatched and sunken gymnasium in the Trivandrum Fort, we sat goggle eyed while boys and young men leapt and cavorted and struck with serpent grace and serpent speed in the ancient martial art of Kalarippayat. It's a pity we don't have a Malayalee Bruce Lee to do a PR job for this fighting skill; for if we did it would make Kung Fu, Kendo and Karate seem like convent calisthenics by comparison.

Across the slim length of Keraala, then, and up to the north where Arab settlers brought their faith and their way of life and dress. Calicut gave calico to the world, but a few kilometers away is the little port of Beypore where ships are made the way they were two thousand years ago.

Under acres of palm-thatched sheds, and down narrow alleys, and on packed-sand floors we saw them hand-forge nails while sparks flew like confetti. And carve prows, sew sails, caulk seams, rivet planks, raise masts. And chant as they worked hand winches to launch hand-crafted dhows into the shallow sea. Nothing had changed, nothing was new: even the spirit-level was spurned for the plumb line. And yet the ships they build sail the stormy seas of the earth and their clients keep returning asking for more.

And so, outsiders that we are, we asked to see the owner of one of these yards. He was a young man in a white lungi sitting on a barrel with a look of relaxed amusement on his face.

We said: "Why don't you mechanise this yard?"

And he thought about it for a while and asked, "Why?"

So we said, "Because you can make more ships."

And he thought about that too, and again he asked "Why?"

We got a little warm under the collar and explained, "So you can make more money, that's why."

He seemed interested, and nodded, and said "Why?"

And since the conversation wasn't getting very far we explained why. We said: "Why does anyone make more money? To do his own thing. To enjoy himself. To relax. That's why. . ."

And then the young man smiled delightedly and said: "But that's exactly what I'm doing now!"

We started this by saying that we shall never understand Kerala and its people. That requires a little modification now.

Kerala is a young man sitting on a barrel with a look of amusement on his bright and sardonic face . . .

THE STORY SO FAR

Young Andrea MacKinlay's troubles began one night when her employer's son, Ronald Martin, tried to molest her. When surprised by his mother, he claimed it was Andrea who had taken the initiative. Angry and disgusted, she threw up her post and found herself on the streets in a raging blizzard. She was almost run over by playright Stuart Kent, who took her home in his jeep and offered her a job as his typist.

NOW READ ON. . .

FIVE minutes after Andrea entered Stuart Trent's study, the rosy glow of the evening before was dispelled with brutal speed.

"I've set the other typewriter up in the sunroom for you, I think that will be a more convenient arrangement," he said. "Now listen closely. I have one unbreakable rule: if the study door is shut, it means I'm working, and you are not on any account to disturb me. If you have questions, they will just have to wait until I'm through. Is that clear?"

Andrea stammered, "Yes, of course, Mr. Trent," thoroughly daunted by his dictatorial manner. She picked up the stack of papers and left the room, hearing the door click firmly behind her.

Imperceptibly Andrea's days fell into a pattern which on the whole was productive and intensely satisfying.

Considering their working relationship, she saw very little of her employer, and when she did see him he was usually preoccupied and taciturn to the point of rudeness. Their intimate dinner of the first evening was never repeated, and indeed, she sometimes wondered if she had dreamed it, embarrassed to recall how eagerly she had responded to him.

She was even more ashamed to find herself looking and hoping for a quick smile or a word of praise from him, only to be disappointed time and time again. He scarcely seemed to know she existed, she mused, piqued in a very feminine way that this should be so.

About a fortnight after she arrived, she was thumbing idly through some paperbacks. A gold-framed photograph, that had been displaced by an untidy pile of books, caught her eye; she dusted it off and examined it with interest. Two small children grinned out at her. They were perhaps six or seven years old, clad identically in T shirts and shorts, each with a mop of curly black hair.

She held out the photograph and said impulsively, "What delightful children!"

He got up from the desk and took the frame from her hand, staring at the two happy little faces as though he had never seen them before. "That must have been taken a couple of years ago."

"Oh," she said blankly. "I had assumed the boy was you."

He frowned at her. "Me? Of course not. They're my children."

Stunned, Andrea repeated, "Your children? But you told me you weren't married!"

"My wife died four years ago," he said in a tone that brooked no further questions on the subject. Andrea waited with bated breath. "The twins are eight now. They go to school in Calgary, that's why you haven't seen them yet. They'll be home for their Easter holidays in a few days."

"Don't you miss them?" she blurted, her innate tact vanishing from the shock of his disclosures.

He flinched as if she had struck him. She longed to snatch back her hasty question, but it was too late, the unkind words were already spoken. "Of course I do," he answered roughly. "But how could I keep them here? Mrs. Hamilton is too old to have charge of them, and as for me when I'm not writing, I'm away, or at the ranch. They get much more attention at school than they would here."

He rubbed his forehead with unsteady fingers. "What kind of a home is it without a mother?" he demanded. "After Barbara I could never marry again. No, they're better off where they are."

At the end of the month, Stuart and Andrea drove down to Valleyfield.

"I'll drop you off here," Stuart said. "Why don't we meet at the hotel restaurant in an hour? Will that be long enough for you?"

Andrea nodded eagerly. "That's plenty of time, thanks." Her face broke into a charming smile and impulsively she touched his sleeve. "I'll see you later." She knew he didn't understand her happiness — how could he? — but she had wanted to share it.

Her business took considerably less than an hour; she cashed the cheque, composed a carefully noncommittal letter to Cynthia, and enclosed a money order. Then, with free time but very little money on her hands, she wondered down the bustling little street. Andrea's attention was caught by a small dress shop. She gazed raptly at the single garment displayed in the window. It was a dinner dress of silk jersey, the rose coloured material falling in soft folds from a high waist to the floor. Instinctively she knew it would suit her.

"Buy it," said a familiar voice in her ear, "and I'll take you out for dinner in Calgary next week."

She looked up, already knowing who it was; for once, Stuart's grey eyes were oddly gentle. 'I wish I could,' she replied wistfully, 'it's so beautiful.'

'Go ahead,' he coaxed. 'The colour would become you.'

PART TWO

TO BEGIN AGAIN

Jan MacLean

"To Begin Again" by Jan MacLean was originally published by Mills & Boon Ltd., London. Copies are available at all leading bookshops and the MacMillan Company of India Ltd.

'I can't afford it,' she said baldly, storing away the implied compliment for later consideration.

He looked at the small package of books in her hand, a puzzled frown on his forehead. 'My dear girl, you surely haven't spent all of that cheque already?'

A guilty flush stained her cheeks, while she hung her head, momentarily speechless. She hated to be dishonest and evasive with him of all people, but to tell him the truth was impossible. To explain the debt to her aunt would entail the whole unhappy story of the accident, which in turn would lead inevitably to the preceding months of glorious achievement. Her face tightened. She had blocked those exhilarating days so completely from her memory that she could not even think about them herself, let alone reveal them to the enigmatic man at her side.

She took refuge in anger, her voice sharp. 'Surely how I spend my money is my own affair, I'm only your secretary, after all, not your wife!' She bit her lips, appalled by her runaway tongue, but the damage was done.

'It's hard to understand how you can look so honest and be so deceitful,' he said savagely. 'Don't worry, Andrea, I won't enquire into your private life again. But you must admit it's rather full of interesting gaps, isn't it? I suggest we head back and forget about the restaurant. Strangely enough, I'm not hungry.'

The fifteen-minute drive back to the ranch was accomplished in hostile silence. The jeep pul-

led to a stop by the front door and Andrea got out, trembling in every limb. Not waiting for Stuart Trent, she fled to her room, slammed the door, and fell on the bed in a storm of weeping, his bitter words echoing in her mind. Finally she dropped off into an exhausted slumber.

Andrea continued in this frame of mind until one morning early in April, when Maggie blithely dropped a bombshell. 'I'm so looking forward to seeing my sister tomorrow, dear,' she said comfortably. 'She lives in British Columbia, and I haven't seen her since Christmas. I go there every Easter while Mr. Stuart has the children home. I expect you're excited about going to Calgary with him, aren't you? Have you been there before?'

'Whatever do you mean?' she

While life was comfortable with Stuart Kent, it was not easy, but after an initial misunderstanding they fall in love and Stuart discovers that Andrea had been a champion skater

said slowly. 'I'm not going to Calgary.'

'Isn't he a dreadful man!' Maggie clucked. 'So forgetful. Two weeks ago, when I asked for the time off, it was arranged that both of you would go to the city to get Heather and Bruce. You couldn't stay here alone, dear.'

'I really don't want to go to Calgary.'

The housekeeper looked nonplussed, perhaps sensing undercurrents, yet not wanting to pry. 'Many's the girl would jump at the chance of a trip with the famous Simon Ward, you know,' she chided. 'I'm sure you'd have a nice time if you went.'

In the end Andrea had to go.

The horizon was spiked with Calgary's skyscrapers, that grew ever closer as Stuart's Mercedes smoothly ate up the miles. Before they knew it, the city had engulfed them with its traffic, buildings, crowds, and ceaseless noise. . . another world, as different from the secluded peace of the ranch as night from day.

Andrea's room, which had its own fireplace, exuded luxury.

'There's the Calgary Tower. We'll have dinner there tonight. I think you'll enjoy that.' Stuart said.

'You're looking after me very well,' she said softly, feeling secure and yet excited by the protective circling of his arm.

He turned slightly and lowered his head, so close that she could see the pulse beating in his throat. His lips met hers in a gentle, searching kiss. She became intensely aware of the warmth and the strength of his body pressed against hers.

Destroying their moment of closeness the sharp insistent ring of the telephone sounded in his room. Stuart muttered an expletive under his breath. 'I'd better answer it, I suppose.'

He rejoined her by the window. 'It was the school. Apparently there's to be a skating party tomorrow morning at the school rink before the children leave for their holidays. We'll have to rent ourselves some skates. We can do that first thing in the morning, though.'

Andrea knew this was impossible. She had not been near a rink in two years. The bitter memories came crowding in and she cried, 'No! I won't come!'

Unmasked fury flared in his eyes, then he turned from her abruptly. 'Wait here!'

She watched in stricken silence as he went to his room and returned, flinging a flat cardboard box upon her bed. 'I have some business to attend to. I'll pick you up at eight.'

The door slammed shut behind him.

Her fingers fumbling with the cord, she lifted the lid of the box. Carefully wrapped in tissue was the silk dinner dress she had seen in Valleyfield.

After the distressing quarrel of the afternoon and the constrained dinner she and Stuart had shared, she had at last reached a plateau of floating detachment where nothing seemed to matter very much. Perhaps it was the effect of the drink, for they had already had wine with their meal.

It was the music that brought her back to the present, that and the television announcer's voice. . .

'We have just seen the winning performance in the Senior Women's Division of the Canadian Figure Skating Championships in Toronto. This championship has been marred by an injury to one member of the Ontario team, who suffered a severe fall yesterday during her compulsory free skating. Such accidents happen more frequently than the public realises. Last year two girls were unable to compete owing to last-minute injuries, and the year before, of course, we all remember how Andrea MacKinlay, who was favoured to win the gold medal, so badly damaged the cartilage of her knee that she was forced to retire completely from competitive skating. Here is a flashback to her winning performance in Ottawa. . .'

In one lithe movement she pushed back her chair, knowing only that she must flee. . .

In her room she flung herself on the bed in a storm of weeping.

A strong hand gently touched her shoulder.

'Andrea, Andrea, why didn't you tell me?'

'It's over. It's all finished. I couldn't bear to talk about it,' she sobbed.

She felt him gather her into his embrace, lifting her until her face was buried in his shirtfront. She was crying in earnest now, her tears soaking into his shirt.

'Oh, Andrea, I'm so sorry. I wish you'd told me.'

Her fists clenched, she pounded ineffectively against the muscled hardness of his body.

'Don't pity me! I don't want anyone's pity!'

'Good. Now comes the sermon. You've obviously avoided coming to terms with your loss, Andrea. You haven't put on a pair of skates since it happened, have you?'

'No. How could I?'

'That's silly. Just because you can't do a triple jump does this mean you can never enjoy skating again?'

'Well. . . I suppose not.'

'Of course not. There's more to skating than competition. But don't just bury something that was of so much importance to

Continued on page 40

SILH

JETTE '78

Bulky but comfortable! That's the new look of today's fashions. Ruffles, laces, tent dresses, kimono tops, tiered skirts —all in chintzy cotton, gauze and even taffeta. Pants are narrow and fitting and the most important garment is the vest—unlined and trimmed with velvet or satin bands. You can adapt a similar look to Indian fashions too— in super salwar kameez ensembles!

Dinoo Vacha

I STOLE ANOTHER WOMAN'S HUSBAND

The small hand in mine rested there as if it didn't belong. The look in his eyes seemed to suggest I was an alien.

"Where's my Mommy?" he wailed. He looked about four years old. Ashok had told me he was a year older than that. He was small made with fair skin and his eyes had a distrustful look. I smiled at him — half frightened myself. I was as ill at ease as he — new to so many things — to this sprawling house, to housekeeping itself, to marriage, to the terrific responsibility with which I was burdened.

Ashok was the only familiar note in the whole set up. I had known him for the last two years now, although his life was a closed book to me. He was quiet and introspective, never revealing much about himself, always drawing me out to tell him about my past — my hopes and aspirations, my likes and dislikes.

I first met him in our office when he attended a board meeting. I was a secretary taking down the minutes, so that I never really saw his face but heard only the drone of his voice. I knew who he was because he was the Chairman's son. But he had never before meddled with their vast business. His father had died suddenly leaving him in charge of a growing business empire. He surprised people who had thought he would be ill at ease with his new found responsibility, by making a brilliant speech. I was surprised myself. In the office he had earned quite a reputation for being a playboy.

I was apprehensive when I faced him alone for the first time next morning with the minutes of the meeting duly typed.

"Thank you Anjali," he said. "I hope there are no mistakes."

"I don't think so," I replied.

"Didn't you check?"

"Yes, Sir," I replied, ruffled.

"Well, then I'd like a positive statement please. . . whatever my father may have been. . . I'm different. I want things cut and dried, you understand? No half statements and no half measures."

"I understand," I mumbled, wishing to escape from the room. But he said, "Wait." I stopped, puzzled.

"Light me a cagarette will you?"

"Sir?"

"I said light me a cigarette."

"I can't Sir," I said calmly. If this meant the sack it was the most appropriate time for me to exit.

"Why ever not?" he asked.

"It's against my principles," I said with utmost calm.

"Something against smoking?" he asked next.

"No, I object to the very idea of lighting a cigarette for a man I don't know at all."

He laughed uproariously then and said with a great deal of insinuation, "You mean you'd light one if your husband asked you?"

"I don't have one," I said with dignity.

"Very well," he said with a smile. "Go and do your work. I'll call when I need you. And don't mind our little confrontation. I guess I'm just not used to shy Indian girls with moral principles."

I found out from one of the staff members later that Ashok had spent much of his life abroad. He had studied in Oxford and later gone to America where he had lived it up on his father's millions, only coming back when his father lay seriously ill. His two sisters who were married and had families of their own, rallied round when the end was near. Conspicuous by her absence was his wife whom he had met and married when he was abroad.

The day following our differences over the cigarette, Ashok called me into his cabin a little before closing time.

"I hope you were not thinking of running away?" he said.

"I beg your pardon?"

"I mean. . . let me put it in your prosaic way: Were you about to go home?"

"I was," I replied.

"Well hold on a little," he said, "I might need you."

"Can't it wait till tomorrow?" I asked.

"I'll pay you overtime," he said.

"It isn't that," I replied.

"What is it then?" he asked softly.

"It's my mother," I said with a rush, afraid I would break down. "She's an invalid and I must rush home and cook the dinner."

I had no father. He had died years ago and mother had managed quite well, till she had this stroke, which robbed her of the power to move the left half of her body. I had been still in my teens and felt alone and defenceless without a soul to worry about me.

"I'm sorry," he said. "Awfully sorry. . . if I can help in any way. . . with money or medical aid. . . or anything, please don't hesitate to ask."

"I've already taken an advance against my salary," I said. "But thank you very much for asking."

"How long have you worked here Anjali?"

"It will be two years in April," I replied.

"Got any increments?"

"No," I said.

"I will give you a pay hike then. At least it should help cover your mother's medical expenses."

I went home in a daze touched by this streak of humanity in a man people regarded as an ogre of some kind. The next day I got an official letter on the company letter head, granting me a salary hike of two hundred rupees. It was beyond my wildest dreams. For some time I could only stare at it. Then I stuffed it into my purse with trembling hands. All through the day I only thought of the difference it would make to my mother's treatment. What I hadn't bargained for was the repercussions it would have on my relationship with my colleagues.

By lunchtime almost everybody in the office had heard of the increment I had got almost overnight. The letter had been typed out by the stenographer of the sectional head, and news of this sort travels fast. What reduced me to tears was the awful connotation people put on it. My afternoon was soured by raised eyebrows and snide remarks. Sarla, the receptionist, confronted me the moment I had eaten my packed lunch of chutney and chappatis.

"Lucky you," she said in such a loud voice that everybody stared at me. "What did you do to earn it?"

Some more colleagues trickled in.

"You're having lunch here?" one asked in mock surprise. "We thought you'd be out with the boss?"

"She has dinner with him," said another nasty feminine voice.

The next day it was worse. The remarks and innuendoes got so nasty that the afternoon found me fighting my tears. I sat down rock faced and stone hearted in front of my type-writer keeping my sentiments bottled within, trying hard to keep the tell-tale moisture from my eyes, and typed.

Dear Sir,

I feel compelled to resign due to circumstances beyond my control. Thanking you.

I remain
Yours faithfully
(Anjali)

I went into the cabin and left the letter on his desk. He had gone out to meet a client and I was saved the embarrassment of explaining. However he called me in the moment he got back.

Seeing my taut tense face, he asked with utmost kindness, "What's the matter Anjali? Why this letter? I thought you would be happy."

The tears that I had tried hard to control outside, now came shamelessly and tumbled down my cheeks. I did not try to check them. I cried like a child not minding his presence in the least. In fact, I was so busy wiping my eyes that I didn't realise he had walked up to me till I felt his hand on my shoulder.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I didn't realise how suspicious this would seem to the others. If there's any way I can make ammends for having humiliated you like this. . ."

"Please accept my resignation," I cried. "It is the only way."

"I will," he said, "if you promise to accept my friendship, because, to tell you the truth Anjali, I've never met a girl with moral principles like you. . . I've seen so many brash bold ones, calculatingly coy ones — but never frank, forthright and courageous like you."

That was the beginning of a warm association which grew into intimacy. Though I left his employ, I kept seeing him often. He came over the first time to tell me he had found me another job with better prospects. He met mother then and I think she took to him instantly.

I kept from her the knowledge that he was married. In fact, I even pretended to him that I knew nothing about his wife. I wanted to see how long he would take to tell me. Actually, I wasn't even sure he was being honest with me when he said he loved me. I thought he was just a playboy trying to have an easy affair on the side. I was an attractive girl and poor, too — just the sort of prey he'd be looking for.

One day mother said, "I hope Ashok is serious about you?"

Her remark took me by surprise. So far, I had been seeing him and staving off the inevitable end.

"He loves me," I replied.

"If his business is doing so well, why is he bothered with poor people like us?"

"Mother, love knows no barriers of status.. ."

"I believed him in the beginning, but now I am wondering if he is not taking advantage of a poor innocent girl like you."

"Mother, don't talk like that about Ashok," I said shortly.

The whiplash in my voice stopped her short.

"If he forsakes you, what will happen?" she asked. Her speech was a little garbled on account of her paralytic stroke, but through long familiarity I could decipher the words.

I had deliberately brought about the divorce so that he could marry me, but it proved a squalid disaster causing alienation all around

---

Drugs had improved her condition and now she had grown querulous and impatient with enforced confinement.

She went on and on half the night, not letting me get any sleep. By morning I was all set to have a showdown with Ashok. I had reached the end of my tether.

When we met the next evening I confronted him rather coolly.

"What's the matter Anjali?" he asked.

"I've had a fight with mother. She thinks you won't marry me," I said. There was a silence I didn't try to break.

"I love you, Anjali," he said.

"You've said that so many times. I'm sick of hearing it, always love, never a word about marriage."

"I. . . I don't know how to tell you this Anjali. . ." he said. "I should have told you long ago, but then you see, I was afraid you would stop seeing me."

"What is it?" I asked clutching his arm, knowing now that it was coming, realising I could keep mother in ignorance no longer.

"I'm married."

I took it in the calculated way I had already planned, showing the adequate amount of surprise and anger at his deception. He was genuinely apologetic, sincerely believing I had really been tricked — the sweet and innocent damsel who'd been led astray and seduced.

"I don't want to see you again," I said.

"Please, Anjali, listen to me," he pleaded. He took me to a quiet restaurant, where over dinner he told me about his first wife. She was an American and he had married her when he was abroad. She had never liked either his country or his family and they had as much of an aversion to her. She had not come to his father's funeral because the family resented her.

I suppose I should have stopped seeing him then. Written the whole thing off as an unfortunate affair. But I was too far gone to care what this would do to him and his family. I kept seeing him and still hiding from mother the fact that he was married.

His wife was a shrewd woman. She had Ashok and me followed one day to a hotel room and then she sued him for divorce on grounds of adultery. I know such a thing would never have happened if she was the quiet, long-suffering Hindu wife who kept faithfully by her husband until death.

She had been reared in an altogether different culture and she rebelled against our clandestine meetings. What Ashok didn't know was that I had sent her anonymous letters revealing Ashok's dalliance. It was a device for securing him for myself. Left to himself, I knew he would never reveal anything to her and I would be permanently an affair on the side.

I think the embroglio of the divorce surprised Ashok but he kept his cool in those tempestuous days because I constantly gave him courage to face the worst. When it was over, he was a broken man. There had never been a divorce in the family. His was the first taint and it was bound to leave its repercussions, however mild, on his child and his sisters' children.

When he broke down and cried in the car after he had got his freedom, I felt perhaps the worst kind of guilt. I had wantonly destroyed his marriage for my own selfish ends. But then, I reasoned, I would not have done it if he hadn't led me on.

Even his business suffered as a result of this. There were losses that year because he hadn't attended to his work with as much interest as he had done in the beginning. Ashok asked me to marry him two months later. Contrarily, I did not feel the elation I had expected. Maybe I was cooling off or maybe I was frightened I would suffer the same fate as the first wife, when a younger, more attractive girl came his way.

Mother died of shock when she learnt I had been co-respondent in a divorce case. And what of me? I was on the threshold of a marriage which meant little to me now. I was shaky and unsure of myself, reminded of my sneaky method, every time the little boy asked, "Where's Mommy?" I had antagonised Ashok's family who resented me, perhaps even more than they had his first wife.

I was new to everything — the sprawling house, the tremendous responsibility. More than anything else, I was guilty and afraid. A stranger in my own house. An alien confronted by a small child with distrust writ large in his eyes. An unwelcome step-mother. For though she had gone from our midst, she had left behind a constant reminder in her son Ken.

You see, she took an overdose of sleeping pills soon after the divorce. What had begun as a flirting frolic, ended in gruesome tragedy. The court had granted her custody of the child. But in view of her unforeseen death, Ashok had to take charge of Ken.

Though I have taken her coveted place, I know I will never be really happy. My guilt will always writhe inside me

THE LITTLE WOMAN
by Don Tobin
LISTEN TO THIS... 'RADIO-ACTIVE SNAILS SIX-FEET TALL TERRORIZE NEIGHBORHOOD"
OR THIS... 'SMALL TOWN IN PANIC WHEN GIANT LEAFHOPPERS THREATEN TO TAKE OVER CITY HALL"
OR... "YOUNG COUPLE IS TRAPPED IN CABIN WHEN SURROUNDED BY MONSTER APHIDS FROM OUTER SPACE"
WHY ARE YOU READING THE TV LISTINGS OF HORROR MOVIES? WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO!
THIS ISN'T THE TV SECTION - IT'S THE GARDEN PAGE!
!
MAYBE WE SHOULD JUST SURRENDER RIGHT NOW -
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HA HA world of laughter

Captain: "What are you scratching your head for, Rufus?"

Coloured private: "Ah, sah, I got arithmetic bugs in my head."

Captain: "What are arithmetic bugs?"

Coloured private: "Dat's cooties."

Captain: "Why do you call them arithmetic bugs?"

Coloured private: "Because dey add to misery, dey subtract from my pleasure, dey divide my attention, and dey multiply like the dickens."

* * *

He'd been raised on a horse farm. All his life he'd lived and breathed horses. Horses in the morning, horses in the evening and horses at night. For the very first time, he visited a friend who kept cows and let out a whistle of astonishment when he saw them.

"All these years, I've been ridin' them the hard way," he exclaimed. "I didn't even know you could get them with built-on handle-bars."

* * *

A judge was once asked to settle a long dispute between two brothers about the division of a large estate. The verdict is classic:

"Let one brother divide the estate, and let the other brother have first choice."

* * *

Wife: "I've been asked for a reference for our last maid. I've said she's lazy, unpunctual and impertinent. How can I add anything positive in her favour?"

Husband: "You might say that she's got a good appetite and sleeps well."

* * *

"Madam," remarked the sheriff, "I'm amazed that you had the courage to attack a burglar — and in the dark at that!"

"Oh," replied the woman, a little embarrassed, "I didn't know that it was a burglar. I thought it was my husband."

* * *

As the college professor put it, "Marriage is an educational institution in which man loses his bachelor's degree without acquiring a master's."

* * *

Nothing begins and nothing ends,
That is not paid with a moan;
For we are born in another's pain
And perish in our own.

* * *

Mary: "I looked into his eyes and saw he was a teacher."

Joe: "How did you manage that?"

Mary: "I could see his pupils."

* * *

"You down there," shouted Father from the head of the stairs, "it's two-thirty! Do you think you can stay all night?"

"Er, thank you," said the callow lover. "But I'll have to phone home first."

* * *

Mrs. Mather was going away after a long visit.

"Do you remember what time my train leaves tomorrow?" she asked her son-in-law.

"Sixteen hours, seventeen minutes and thirty seconds from now, dear Mamma."

* * *

A hapless church tenor was Horace
Whose shin was so terribly porous,
Sometimes in the choir
He'd start to perspire,
And nearly drown out the whole chorus.

* * *

Compiled by George Fegradoe

Photograph:—Sanil

DAVID: FAREWELL TO FILMS

Vijaya Irani

Interviewing David is not merely meeting a veteran actor of repute, and talking about films; it is to sit back and hear the story of a long and varied life, rich with accomplishments in many fields. He is such a multi-faceted character. His contribution to films in a 42-year span cannot be described in a mere one-page article; it would require a volume. And he has made an equally important contribution to the field of sport. A keen athlete and gymnast in his earlier days, he is a sought-after judge at championship contests, including the Olympics. Literature, music, the arts — David's interests encompass them all.

A student of Hume High School (as it is known now) at Mazgaon, but called the American Mission School in his days, David attributes his keen interest in sports, arts and films to the cosmopolitan outlook he had from the beginning, and to the basic formal training in reading, recitation and writing, which his teachers instilled in him. And then his family background was such that his extra-curricular interests were never suppressed in his growing years. He studied and graduated for a career in Law and had he followed that vocation, he would have had a roaring practice and minted money.

Learned, witty, affable and delightfully young at heart, David has caused a great deal of regret all around by his decision to leave films and migrate to Canada, where the other members of his family have settled down.

When I asked him how soon he was leaving, he replied, "It is a very complicated process. I had to furnish all kinds of documents to prove to the Canadian Government that I don't intend to work there. I have a very lucrative career here, the only reason why I want to go there is to be with my nephew and niece, and other members of my family, who want me to join them there. You see, I'm the only one left here, and I don't want to be a constant source of worry to them, living alone so far away from them.

"And then," he continued, throwing up his arms and giving that well-known smile of his, "44 years in a career is a long, long time. Someone asked me whether, given another lease of life, I would choose some other vocation. I emphatically say, No. It would be films for me all over again. I have played a wide and varied range of roles and never succumbed to the evil of getting typed.

"When Bhavnani was making 'Zambo' (The Ape-man), he put me on Rs. 75 a month. The stingy old Sindhi wouldn't even raise it to a round 100! What's more, in my enthusiasm to get into the acting career I did two roles in his film, and I realised at the end of it that he got two roles out of me for the price of one. So the Sindhi got the better of the Jew! I did six more films with him subsequently, way back in 1936-37, and the next two we shot in the ice-cave of Amarnath, where till today no other unit has dared to shoot. All they do is shoot around Srinagar, but we did 'Himalaya Ki Beti' there."

At that one outdoor location Bhavnani shot two films and again got the better of the Jew. . . and the others in the unit too!

"Money has never been my main consideration. As a character artiste, right from the beginning of my career, over the span of 42 years, I must have written off 3-4 lakhs of rupees, wily producers got work out of me and then wriggled out of the payment. Even a few days ago I had the bitter experience of a producer who got me to finish all work, and the dubbing, and then started arguing that I was demanding more than my normal price. He was so mean, I just said that I was not charging him more, and he could pay me what he thought was a fair sum. The chap has yet to show his face, and I am waiting."

A man of such culture, an internationally known personality, how could he tolerate such uncouth men? I asked.

"We are all humans — there are no superior and inferior beings. So why should one act high and mighty? I can never do that. If some one has done me dirty, I am no one to sit in judgement on him and see that he gets his punishment. The Lord above is sitting up there and He is the giver of justice, not I."

But elected president of the All-India Film Employees Union more than three times, he has sought justice for other cine artistes and friends.

His latest role as a Hindu in Satyajit Ray's "Shatranj Ke Khilari" is a small but very moving portrayal. There are some film makers for whom he has special regard — Raj Kapoor, Hrishikesh Mukherji, Basu Chatterji, and some others.

He has quite a fan following. He told me there were fans of his who would only go for a film when they see his name featuring in it! And he is a character actor who has never tried to overstep his status. He has also been an assistant-director, continuity-man, even chai-walla in the Wadia set-up.

He has completed all his films, except those of Basu and Hrishikesh Mukherji which have yet to start, and he will complete them before he leaves. There is also a Gujarati film, "Konna Baap Ni Diwali", which has to be completed.

He has done plays, Marathi films, an English film — Mark Robson's "Nine Hours to Rome".

Although he is retiring, his love for films and his loyalty to his friends burn as bright as ever. "I've told my favourites, my special friends—Raj, Hrishikesh, etc.—that if they ever felt there was a role only David can do and they wished I were here to do it, I'd fly down from Canada and do it for them."

To migrate is not to retire and an artiste of his calibre can find work in the universal language of his art anywhere in the world. Though the leaving, the cutting off of the roots, is going to be painful, it is not The End for a person like David. He can go on and on and on!

THE CATHOLICS AND FAMILY PLANNING

Archie D'Souza

In spite of widespread demand, why does the Catholic Church refuse to lift the ban on contraceptives and abortion?

The Catholic Church and Catholics in general, as compared to several other communities, have been progressive in many ways and in many fields. But when it comes to birth control and abortion, the Church insists on clinging to its age old doctrines and beliefs. The Church encourages only "natural" methods of birth control as opposed to "artificial" methods. While the official attitude towards birth control is not so rigid — it leaves it to the individual's conscience — it is very clear cut on abortion. Abortion, whatever the circumstances, is strictly prohibited, even where the only alternative choice is the death of the mother.

What is the reason behind the Church's reluctance to change, when civil law all over the world is adapting to the times? Is this just a question of tardiness of reforms as in the past? No. Evidence shows that the Church has given it a great deal of thought, but in spite of mounting public opinion, it refuses to relent. What is the Church's reasoning behind this?

A woman's right

Birth control and abortion are very important feminist issues on account of two points: first, the right of a woman to have control over her own body; and second, opening the possibility of women taking a full part in economic life. But the Church thinks differently. It considers bearing children and caring for them a "special privilege of women," which they must perform well. As regards a woman's right over her body, one priest told me, "A feminist issue all right! But what about the duties of man and woman, husband and wife? The right is not just the wife's, but of the couple. Together, they ought to plan the family and, if necessary, resort only to the natural methods of birth control."

"As children of God," said Pius XII, "man and woman have a dignity in which they are absolutely equal. In creating man and woman with equal dignity and similar destiny God did not make them identical. He gave them distinctive attributes fitting them for their specific functions. Every woman is called to be a mother, a mother in the physical sense, or mother in a sense more spiritual and exalted, yet real, nonetheless." He added that women should take up professions which will not mar their function as "mother", the bread-winning being the function of the father.

Talks with a few priests revealed a number of interesting points.

"The sexual act cannot be seen apart from love," said one. "The moment we divorce sex from love, we are reduced to animals."

How contraception divorces sex from love I failed to understand.

"Making contraception and abortion easily accessible encourages permissiveness. This reduces the value of life and sex. Take for instance the many hoardings we see these days, advertising abortion for Rs. 70 etc. It has reduced the dignity of man and made life too cheap."

I was thinking of the dignity of women with more children than their health permits them to conceive.

"Contraception encourages permissiveness"

"There is nothing wrong with abortion! There is nothing wrong with smashing a baby's head with a rock either! There is nothing wrong in taking the life of a human being with a soul!"

This is what the Church has to say:

". . . . the direct sterilization of man or woman, either perpetual or temporary, is illicit and forbidden by the law of nature . . since the conjugal act is destined primarily by nature for begetting of children, those who in exercising it deliberately frustrate its natural power and purpose, sin against nature and commit a deed which is shameful and intrinsically vicious." (Decree of Pius XI — Feb. 24, 1940.)

Here my thoughts went back to the priest who talked about humans being reduced to animals. The teaching of the Church in this matter has not changed, as was indicated several times during 1964 and 1965 by Paul VI, amid "ill advised" demands for change.

The Vatican II Document on "The Church Today" says that "Children are really the supreme gift of marriage. God himself wished to share with a man a certain special part in his own creative work. Thus, He blessed male and female saying, 'Increase and Multiply.' (Gen. I: 28.) Parents should regard as their proper mission, the task of transmitting human life and educating those to whom it is transmitted. They should realize that they are thereby co-operators with the love of God the Creator, and are, so to speak, the interpreters of that love."

Does the Church permit the evil of having an indefinite number of children? According to a Natural Family Planning (N. F. P., a campaign supported primarily by Catholic voluntary organisations) instructor, though in the ultimate analysis, the Church leaves it to the individual's conscience, it will never openly favour artificial contraception. "The moment it does, people will resort to it on the slightest pretext. More often then not, it is for selfish reasons that people go in for sterilization etc. Looking after children has nothing to do with it. It is just an easy way of having the pleasures of sex without making any sacrifice for it

Sex and love

"This is where NFP comes in. Besides being effective (as 12,000 couples, Hindus, Muslims and Christians in Bombay and Calcutta will testify) NFP also keeps human dignity high; creates an understanding between husband and wife that would not be possible otherwise, and raises sex from an act of physical pleasure to the highest of human emotions — love."

"Would you permit it in extreme cases?" I asked. "For example, if the mother's life is in danger and the only way to save it is abortion?"

Personal opinions of priests hardly differ from the Church's official opinion, I thought, while he was giving his answer: "Today one of the reasons for the advancement of medical sciences is the stand the Church has taken."

Tall claim! I thought.

"It is because the Church has insisted that an attempt be made to save both lives, that doctors are able to do so today."

I wondered which doctor would deliberately destroy a human life. "However, there was a lady with more children than she could afford. Her husband, an alcoholic, used to force himself on her. I knew abortion was wrong, but recommended it as the lesser of two evils."

The penalty for abortion is excommunication for the lay person; a cleric is liable also to deposition, priesthood is barred to a guilty male. These provisions though not strictly followed today, date back to the legislations of Popes Sixtus V and Gregory XV in the late 16th century. In a document entitled **Casti Connubu** Pius XI referred to direct abortion as "a grave crime."

Excommunication is the penalty

Absolution, however, is not refused. "The excommunication," says the law, "is a censure, i.e a penalty whose purpose is to secure the repentance of the delinquent." For laymen, absolution must be sought from the diocesan bishop, and in religious communities, from the major superior.

"The irregularity, which is applicable only to males, is for the purpose of safeguarding the sacred ministry. This irregularity can be removed only by the sanctity and reputation of the Holy See, and understandably it is not readily granted."

In spite of pressures from all over, in spite of the fact that even the College of Cardinals has not been unanimous on this issue, in spite of more and more people overruling the Church and taking their own decision on the issue, the law stays. Will the new Pope make a change, or will it take longer? That change is bound to come, there is no doubt. When — we will have to wait and see.

madam im adam

When Mandy phoned to say she was coming over, I whistled like a Nightingale in June. Mandy visits very seldom, but when she does, she comes like the Greeks — bearing gifts. Usually a bottle of the stuff that rhymes with her name.

Letting her in that evening, I gave her a hug and took the bottle from her and said, "Park your sizzler in a platter, honey, it's great to see you."

She said, "Me too," and sat. She made even that little movement look something out of Bach.

* * *

Phyllis and the kids came in and kissed her on both cheeks. As Jimmy Durante said, "There are too many women doing a man's job."

The conversation flowed as free and easy as the waters of the Niagara. I said to her, "Baby, you look so damn pretty, I feel like kneeling to the guy who invented the mirror."

Phyllis said, "How corny can you get?"

* * *

After a time my wife said, "Mandy, how does cucumber-and-cheese sandwiches bedded down on French beans sound to you?"

I said, "Positively indecent."

Mandy said, "Sounds great, Phyl."

I said, "Never mind the beans, bring in the brandy. And leave the soda on another table."

* * *

Mandy said, "I came to give you some news. I'm engaged."

What better excuse? I kissed her on both cheeks and congratulated her, asking, "Anyone we know?"

"No," she said. "His name is Andrew. He's an electrical engineer in Nasik."

Phyllis came in with the goodies and we exercised our elbows.

* * *

I told Phyllis that Mandy was engaged. More kissing! I wish every girl who gets engaged beats a path to my door.

"I don't want to know how much," I said, "but does Andrew earn well?"

"Enough," said Mandy. "He'll be able to juggle with electrical wires while I sit at home and knit bootees."

* * *

"Where will you live?" I asked.

"In Nasik," she said. "I've never been there before, but Andrew says he has lovely quarters, and a garden and everything."

"The everything," I said, "being you." I can toss compliments around with the best of guys.

Phyllis asked a woman's question. "Will you have a servant problem?"

Mandy said, "No. Andrew has a houseboy and cook. We'll get along. And knowing Andy, there'll be a lot of electrical gadgets in the kitchen."

"Hey," I said, "I just realised that Andy rhymes with Mandy. Makes the two of you sound great."

"When do the wedding bells peal?" asked Phyllis.

"In about three months," said Mandy. "God, how I wish it were three days!"

* * *

She left us after about two hours — all of us floating a few inches off the floor.

"I love hearing about people about to marry," said Phyllis, "it always makes me want to cry."

"Don't let me stop you, baby," I said. "It's better for the eyes than egg-yolk."

"You're a heartless brute," she said with singular lack of judgement. Then she went away.

G'bye now!

Adam

WWF: SAVING RARE SPECIES

A message received by the World Wildlife Fund in Bombay reports that the first Galapagos Land Iguana ever hatched in captivity is doing well at the Charles Darwin Research Station on Santa Cruz Island.

The baby was hatched from an egg laid by a female rescued two years ago as feral dogs were rapidly killing off the small surviving population at Cartago Bay on Isabela Island. Scientists and Galapagos National Park Service Staff rescued 26 survivors.

The Land Iguana Conservation Programme, which receives financial assistance from the World Wildlife Fund, has built special corrals in which the iguanas live in conditions as closely matching their wild environment as possible.

The Galapagos Land Iguana (Conolophus Subscristatus) is one of the archipelago's unique species, which inspired Charles Darwin when he was there in 1835, and led to his epoch-making theory of evolution. It grows to over one metre long.

One one front, the Iguana, on another, the Arabian Oryx.

Four female Arabian Oryx **(Oryx leocoryx)** will soon be flown to Jordan from the United States as part of a WWF-supported programme to reintroduce the rare antelope to its desert homeland, where it is believed to be almost extinct.

Oryx will also be sent to zoos in Rotterdam, Antwerp, Hanover and East Berlin. All come from the "World Herd" originally established at Phoenix, Arizona, with three wild oxyx captured in West Asia by an expedition sponsored by the Fauna Preservation Society of London and the International Union for Conservation of Nature and Natural Resources. The expedition was one of the first projects supported by the WWF. The Sultan of Kuwait and the late King Saud contributed animals to the herd.

The first step in reintroducing the oryx to Arab States was taken when four males were sent to Jordan.
With the arrival of the four females, a breeding programme can be started. But it is likely to be several years before oryx are released into the wild in Jordan, probably not until the third generation.

The last evidence of wild Arabian oryx was found in Oman. The near extinction of the Arabian oryx has been caused by ruthless hunting.

PERSONAL CHOICE

ONAM DELICACIES

With Onam falling this week, our cookery hostess, Mrs. TARA RAVINDRANATH, delights the readers with a host of typical vegetarian dishes that are specially prepared for this festive occasion. A Maharashtrian married to a Keralite, one can see how well she has adapted herself to their culinary methods. A perfect housewife, she is always eager to learn new things. She also does a lot of social work and is an active member of the Janata Grahak Mahasang and Keraliya Mahila Samaj.

A variety of vegetables, pulses and plenty of coconuts are used in the preparation of dishes. Each dish is laid out in a specified position on a plantain leaf. To end the meal, two or three varieties of sweet dishes are served.

Photograph : Farokh Reporter ...

AVIAL

200 grams yam
200 grams white pumpkin
3-4 long green beans (chouli)
1 or 2 drumsticks
1 raw banana (rajali)
1 or 2 carrots
½ cup sour curd
½ fresh coconut, grated
½ tsp. turmeric powder
1 tsp. chilli powder
5 to 6 green chillis
A few curry leaves
Salt to taste

Cut and wash all the vegetables lengthwise into 1½ inch long and ¼ inch thick. Grind coconut coarsely with green chillis. Beat the curd and keep aside.

Put the vegetables in a dekchi, add salt, chilli and turmeric powder. Add enough water to cover the vegetables and cook till tender. Add the beaten curd and cook for a few minutes. Now add the coconut paste, bring down from the fire and mix well. Sprinkle with a few curry leaves and a little coconut oil.

KALAN

200 grams yam
1 or 2 raw bananas (rajali)
1 fresh coconut
3 cups sour curd
1 tsp. chilli powder
1 tsp. cummin seeds
1 tsp. turmeric powder
1 tsp. mustard seeds
A few fenugreek seeds
2 red chillis, chopped
6 green chillis, (or to taste)
A few curry leaves
1 tbsp. coconut oil
Salt to taste

Peel and cut yam into ¾ inch square pieces. Peel banana, slit and cut into ½ inch pieces. Grate coconut and grind with cummin seeds and green chillis to a fine paste. Beat the curd and leave aside.

Boil the vegetables in enough water with addition of turmeric and chilli powder. When tender add salt and boil till all the water is absorbed. Add the coconut paste and let it boil. Now add the curd and bring it down from the fire. Sprinkle curry leaves. Heat the oil in a pan and add the mustard seeds. When they start spluttering add the red chilli pieces and fenugreek seeds. Season the curry.

KOOTTU CURRY

½ cup Bengal gram dal
200 grams yam
200 grams raw banana (rajali)
½ tsp. turmeric powder ...
¼ tsp. chilli powder
½ coconut, grated
¼ tsp. cummin seeds
1 tsp. mustard seeds
A few curry leaves
1 tsp. coconut oil
Salt to taste

Peel and cut yam into 1 inch square pieces, slit the bananas and cut into ½ inch pieces. Grind half the grated coconut with cummin seeds to a fine paste and keep other half for seasoning.

Cook the Bengal gram in the pressure cooker (preferably). When the cooker cools, remove the dal and add the cut vegetables, turmeric powder, chilli powder and salt and cook adding little water till the vegetables are tender. Add the coconut paste, mix well and bring to a boil once. Remove from the fire. In a fry pan, heat the oil, add the mustard seeds and when they splutter add the remaining grated coconut and fry to a golden brown. Add curry leaves and season the curry. This will be a thickish curry.

CHERRU PAYAR PRATHAMAN

3 cups moong dal
½ kg jaggery
4 coconuts, grated
½ dried coconut (slice into small pieces)
2 tbsps. cashewnuts, cut into small pieces
10 grams raisins
2 tbsps. pure ghee
1 tsp. cummin and dry ginger powder (for garnishing)

In a karahi roast the moong dal to golden brown. Let it cool. Then cook it in enough water till nice and tender, or cook in pressure cooker. When cool, remove and mash up the dal well.

To extract coconut milk: Put a cupfull of grated coconut in a muslin cloth and extract the milk without water. Repeat this till you have used all the grated coconut. This will be the 1st extraction. Then for the second add 2 cups of hot water to the coconut and mix well with hands and extract the milk as before. This is the 2nd extraction. Repeat this process till you extract 3rd and 4th time.

Put the mashed moong dal and grated jaggery in a vessel and put it on the fire to cook stirring all the while. Add the 4th extraction of milk. Let it cook till half the quantity of milk is absorbed. Then add third and second extraction of milk one after the other and let it cook as before. When it's fairly thick remove from the fire and add the first extraction. In a fry pan heat the ghee and fry the raisins and cashewnuts and the sliced dry coconut to golden brown. Add this to the prathaman and mix well. Garnish with a pinch of powdered cummin seed and dry ginger.

Pan

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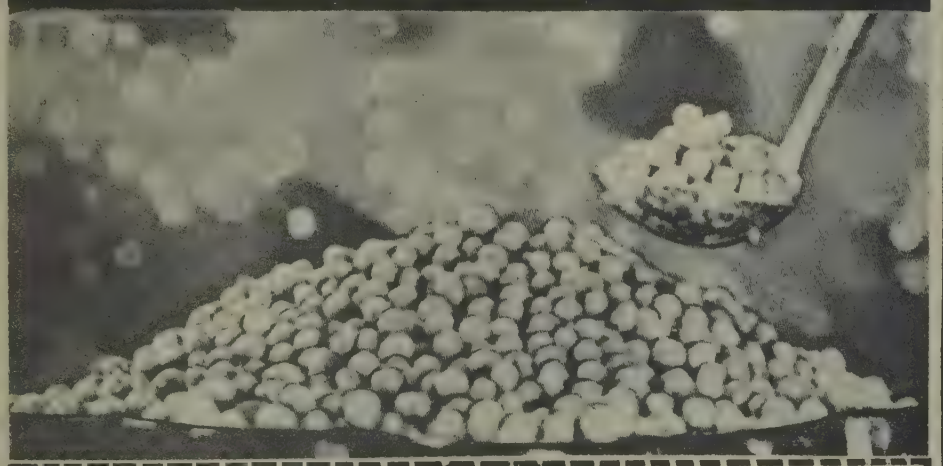
DEHYDRATED PEAS



PAN PEAS PATTIES.

½ packet Pan Peans; 500 gms. potatoes; Fry in oil: 8 dry red chillies; 1 tsp. jeera; 2 inch stick cinnamon, ¼ tap. mustard seeds; ½ tsp. haldi powder; 125 gms. rice flour; Fry together: ½ coconut scraped and 2 onions sliced; Ghee or oil; salt to taste.

Soak Pan Peas. Mash boiled potatoes, with salt. Grind the haldi & fried masalas to a paste. Fry mustard seed in oil and add Pan Peas. Cover with water and boil till peas are cooked. Now add the ground masalas and salt. Cook till dry.

Make a thin paste of rice flour and water with a little salt. Shape a little mashed potato in the hollow of your hand, fill with pea mixture seal with the sides to make a round. Dip in rice flour paste and keep aside. Form similar balls with all the mashed potatoes and pea mixture. Heat ghee or oil in a pan and fry patties till they are brown. Serve with ketchup or chutney.

incentive

SPECIAL ISSUE CONTEST

The issue of Eve's Weekly dated October 21, 1978 will be a Special Cookery Issue, wherein we propose to have a special contest for our readers. All you have to do is to let us know — in 250 words or less — about your kitchen and cookery problems and how you have managed to solve them, in relation to any other work you have been doing.

Have you devised a routine which works best for your family? Have you hit upon a plan or idea which lessens your burden and which you might like to pass on to other readers? Write it all down and send it along with one original recipe — either vegetarian or non-vegetarian — which has delighted your family. A passport size photograph must accompany each entry.

Judging will be done initially on the basis of the best letter submitted and all selected entries will be published in Eve's Weekly.

Fabulous prizes, to be announced later, will be awarded to the three best entires.

Please note that the recipes and photographs submitted for this contest and not selected will not be retained for subsequent Readers' Recipe features, but will be returned to the entrant.

Send your entries to the Editor, Eve's Weekly, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay — 400 023 to reach positively by SEPTEMBER 26, 1978.

MORE GIFTS FOR OUR COOKERY WINNERS

The Cookery Queen of the month will receive in addition to the usual cash prize of Rs. 100.00, 1) A 230 mm non-stick Taper Fry Pan (Aug); a 185 mm non-stick Fry Pan (Sept); and a 185 mm non-stick Saucepan (Oct.) from TRUPTI INDUSTRIES, Bombay, 2) A cash prize of Rs. 101.00 from WEIKFIELD, 3) A SUPER-COOK Gas Tandoor with two skewers from M/s. GLOBE SUPER PARTS and, 4) A book "Eve's Guide to Fashion, Beauty, Cookery and Childcare by AROONA REEJHSINGHANI (Aug.).

So, send in your original vegetarian or non-vegetarian recipes accompanied with a coupon to the Cookery Editor, Eve's Weekly, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay — 400 023.

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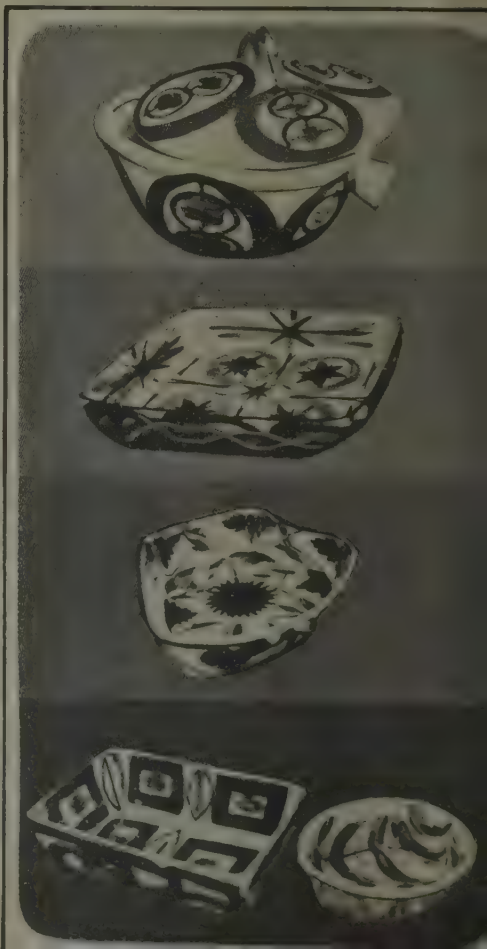

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recipes from our readers

Mrs. Meera Mehrotra, Kanpur.

ARBI KA ACHAR

500 grams arbi
6 tsps. salt
2 tsps. turmeric powder
2 tsps. red chilli powder
15 grams mustard, powdered finely
3 glasses lukewarm water

Boil, peel and cut the arbi into 2" pieces. Take a glass jar and put the arbi pieces along with salt, turmeric powder, red chilli powder and mustard powder. Add 3 glasses of warm water. Mix it nicely with a spoon. Cover the jar and keep it for four or five days or until it gets sour. This achar can be preserved for 15 to 20 days.

Mrs. Vani Venkataram, Coimbatore Dist.

VEGETABLE IDLI CAKE

2 cups boiled rice
¼ cup black gram dal
50 gram carrots
50 grams beans
50 grams shelled peas
2 tbsps. Bengal gram, soaked
½ cup coconut, chopped to pieces
A bunch of coriander leaves
25 grams green chillis, cut to pieces
A few curry leaves
1 tsp. black pepper
1 tsp. cummin seeds
A piece of ginger
2 tbsps. refined oil
½ tsp. baking powder
Salt to taste

Soak the boiled rice and black gram dal separately for 4 hours. Grind them separately to a smooth paste. Mix both together, add salt and keep aside for 8 to 10 hours. Chop all vegetables into tiny pieces and cook with green peas. Soak the Bengal gram dal for an hour. Add the cooked vegetables, soaked Bengal gram dal, coconut pieces, pepper, chopped coriander, cummin seeds, curry leaves and green chillis to the idli batter. Add little more salt, and mix. Lastly add baking powder, 1 tbsp. oil and mix thoroughly.

Take a round or square tin with one inch depth. Take 1 tbsp oil and smear the vessel well. Pour the batter into the vessel and steam it for half an hour without the weight. Cool and turn it over onto a plate and cut them into pieces and serve with either pickles or chutneys.

Mrs. Shobha Baliga, Bangalore.

BEETROOT CUTLETS

250 grams beetroot
150 grams potatoes
1 small onion, finely chopped
2 sprigs mint leaves
1 heaped tbsp. flour
1 heaped tsp. pepper powder
2 tbsps. ghee
Salt to taste
Bread toast, powdered fine

Clean and cut the beetroot into 8 pieces. Pressure cook with potatoes in their jackets. Skin the beetroot and chop fine. Mash potatoes.

Heat the ghee in a dekchi. Add onions, pepper powder, green chillis and mint leaves. Fry on a low-fire for one minute. Remove from the fire.

Add to this mixture the flour and salt and stir well. Add mashed potatoes and chopped beetroot. Mix well.

Roll the mixture into balls of desired size, coat each ball with powdered toast and flatten out into a cutlet.

Shallow fry in ghee till golden brown.

Serve hot — with mint or coconut chutney or tomato sauce.

Mrs. Yashoda Shetty, Bombay.

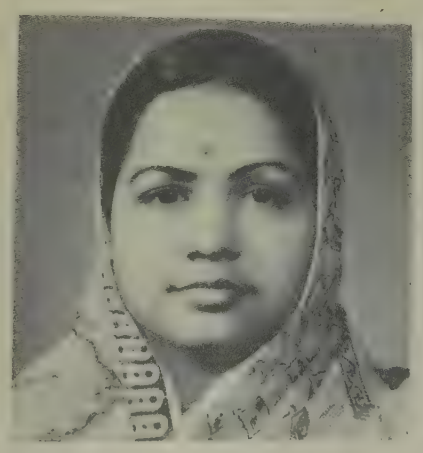
JACKFRUIT PAKODAS

¼ kg ripe jackfruit
¼ kg rice
¼ coconut, grated
100 grams jaggery
6 cardamoms, powdered
12 cashewnuts, chopped (optional)
Salt to taste
Oil for frying

Soak rice in water for 2 hours. Wash well and drain out the water. Grind rice and jackfruit together. When half done add grated coconut, jaggery and salt. Grind well. Add little water if required. Remove the batter and mix it with cashewnuts and cardomoms.

Deep fry in oil till golden brown.

1 weekly winner



Mrs. Anila Lath, of Calcutta wins Rs. 50.00 for this week's best recipe plus a non-stick coated 7" Cake Mould from Trupti Industries, Bombay and a gift hamper from Weikfield.

VEGETABLE PANEER DAHI BARA

½ cup paneer
½ cup chopped & boiled mixed vegetables
2 tbsps. tomato sauce
½" piece ginger, ground
2 green chillis, ground
½ tsp. garam masala
4 large potatoes, boiled
1 tbsp. flour
Salt to taste
Oil for deep frying
1 tbsp. coriander leaves, finely chopped

FOR GARNISHING:

1 cup potato straws
2 cups curd, thick and well beaten
1 tsp. chirongi
5 glace cherries
Silver foil

FOR THE FILLING:

Mash paneer and mix it well with boiled vegetables. Heat two tsp. oil and fry ground paste for a while. Now add paneer mixture, tomato sauce and salt. Fry on a low fire till dry. Remove from fire and add coriander leaves and garam masala. Let it cool.

FOR THE COVERING:

Add flour and salt to the mashed potatoes. Mix thoroughly to a smooth dough. Now divide the dough and the filling in ten portions. Cover up the paneer filling with the potato covering. Deep fry in hot oil till golden brown. Remove and let cool. To serve, spread fried potato straws evenly on a shallow dish. Arrange the "baras" over the straws and pour dahi over. Decorate with silver foil, chirongi seeds and halved cherries as desired.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

1. Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.

2. The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send a passport size photograph of herself to be published along with her recipe.

3. The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine or any other published material. The prize-winner shall have to sign a declaration to that effect before the announcement is made and the prize awarded.

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, Eve's Weekly, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay-400 023.

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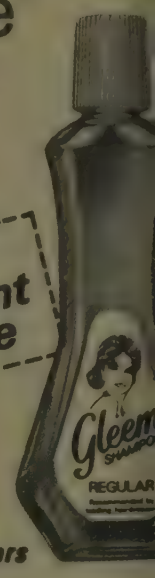

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AMA-G

COCOON OF SILENCE

Mira Balasubramanian

Karuna sat motionless on the wet sand and looked at the sea, at the white frothy waves. Darkness was gradually disappearing and a warm pinkish glow appeared in the sky. And as she looked on, suddenly a ball of fire leapt up from the sea. The sun had arisen.

The beach was not deserted. Quite a few tourists had assembled to see the sunrise.

But their exclamations, their chatter did not reach Karuna. Nor did she hear the cries of the fishermen who were taking out their boats. Even the roar of the waves came as a muffled hissing sound. Karuna was wrapped in a cocoon of silence.

As she sat on and looked at the waves, at the faces of the people all around her, with their animated gestures, moving lips, she strained her every nerve to catch a sound — some sound, which would provide a link with life. But nothing, nothing she could hear. All around her was peace and quiet — the peace and quiet of death.

Death? What else was there to expect from life, her life?

God gave us five organs — five links with life — to see, to touch, to hear, to smell, and to taste. For her, one such link was broken permanently.

Karuna remembered the grave face of the specialist. "Why didn't you come for treatment earlier? Your hearing could have been saved."

Well, why hadn't she? Aloke had looked annoyed. She was educated, she was not confined to the house, the household finance was with her. Why hadn't she consulted a doctor?

At that time she could still hear something, if spoken loud enough. She understood the doctor's question, but had no answer. She herself did not know why.

Or probably she did. As she sat on the wet sand drawing lines with her toe, she thought of the past, her life — a happy childhood, carefree college days, the zest of youth and dream of a life pulsating with love.

Hers was an arranged marriage, though she and Aloke had met a few times under the close scrutiny of the latter's sister-in-law. But even the presence of her sister-in-law could not destroy the fragrance of the romance that developed between two souls hungry for love.

Her "loved ones" no longer tried to communicate with her; she had to find other channels of communication if she wanted to continue living

Then why did all the fragrance evaporate? Feelings got atrophied? Is it that life dries up at it is lived? These questions had haunted her many times.

Was it because she was so absorbed in finding out the answer that she did not realise that something was happening to her, did not see the danger signals? Or was it her foolishness that made her shut her eyes to reality? She had raised her panic striken eyes to the doctor and had asked, "Can't anything be done now, doctor? Am I to be deaf for life?"

"We will certainly try," the doctor had replied gravely.

But the attempts were not successful. Till then, she had some link with the world of sound, however frail, but gradually even that was snapping. Karuna first felt sheer panic, then complete despair. She dragged herself through the motions of life, but finally had a nervous breakdown. "Take her out," the doctor advised. "Let her feel happy," as if Karuna could ever be happy again.

Aloke has obeyed the doctor's advice. He has taken a fortnight's leave and booked accommodation in the Panthaniwas at Puri. That was how Karuna was at the beach looking silently at the holidaying crowd.

Somebody touched her shoulder and she turned round. Aloke was standing there — washed and clean shaven — in a snow-white pyjama and loose kurta. "Come for tea," Aloke told her, and then raised his hand to his mouth as if drinking from an imaginary cup. Karuna looked at him and felt like screaming. These gestures, these idiotic gestures, how they hurt her! They brought her down to the level of a child or an idiot. As if there was nobody called Karuna, the bright, vivacious, educated girl that she had been. An impotent rage and sense of shame filled her being, but she did not say anything. These days she spoke very little, as if she had lost the power of speech as well. She got up silently.

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COCOON OF SILENCE

Breakfast was served in the dining hall, which was again quite crowded, people chatting, laughing, bearers running about with loaded trays. In the corner where cutlery and crockery were stacked, there was continuous activity and the clinking sound of cups and plates and knives, forks and spoons. But all this Karuna only imagined because the din was nothing but a faint whisper to her strained ears.

As they sat, Aloke handed her the menu with an inquiring look. Silently Karuna indicated her choice — toast and omelette. Aloke gave the order and opened the newspaper.

Karuna relaxed in her chair and looked about vacantly. She would have loved to talk, with somebody, to communicate. Could not Aloke tell her something? Write something on the pad which he always carried in his pocket these days? But no, he would think that his duty was over once he had ordered.

She remembered the specialist again — his lively manners and encouraging smile. He had pulled the pad and scribbled, "So, you cannot hear any more. So what? That is not the end of the world. Do you know how many thousands of deaf persons there are in India? You are one of them. Try to accept and learn. Learn to lip-read, write. Who says there can be no communication? At least you can talk, you can walk, you can see."

She could have told the doctor that communication is not a one-sided affair. Who had time to sit with her, and talk slowly before her, making deliberate lip-movements so that she could learn lip reading? Aloke was busy during the day with office work and in the evening too tired to make the attempt. Moreover, some household chores like marketing had gone to him.

Their daughter was busy with her studies, her friends, her pop music. She was definitely embarrassed by a "deaf" mummy when her friends visited her. A lively girl of eighteen, how could she, Karuna thought, imagine the agony of not being able to reach out to one's near and dear ones?

But gradually Karuna realised that they would not even try, because need for communication with Karuna was not felt by them. Actually they had ceased to communicate even before Karuna lost her power of hearing.

It was then that she had the nervous breakdown.

The dining hall was full and the bearer was taking his own time. Karuna took out the pad and wrote furiously. "Talk to me, talk," and pushed the pad to Aloke.

He looked at the pad and raised his eyebrows. "What to talk?" he wrote. "Have you taken your medicine?"

"Yes, but talk to me."

"Of what? O. K. How was the sunrise?"

"Splendid. Talk to me, talk to me, please."

"Don't be childish," Aloke wrote firmly. "Tea is coming. Eat your breakfast. Then you can relax with a book."

The tea, toast and omelette were brought by the bearer, who looked curiously at Karuna. They were here for the last three days. No doubt, people had come to know about Karuna. "That deaf woman in Room No. 16" they would be telling one another.

Karuna tried to concentrate on her toast and omelette but found them bitter. Or was it a bitterness welling from inside? She wanted to do something, to hurt everybody around her, to hurt Aloke. She gulped her tea and got up and left a speechless Aloke staring after her. She almost ran up the staircase and reached their room. Then she threw herself on the bed and started sobbing.

Aloke came after some time, closed the door. He then changed into a shirt and trousers. He touched Karuna's back. "I am going out." As she turned, he pointed a finger to himself and then towards outside.

Karuna understood. She got up and wrote on the pad, "Take me with you."

"I am going to meet a friend."

"I'll come too."

"No need, you don't know him. Take rest."

Aloke left. Karuna sat still. She felt she would burst.

She felt as if she was in a magic web, where an unseen monster was slowly imprisoning her, sapping her will to live. Why not end it all? She looked around. Would she jump from the 2nd floor? Or just walk into the sea? Or. . . or hang herself? She felt that no fight was left in her. One day someday, she would end it all.

She stretched herself on the bed and opened the newspaper. At first, she read mechanically without understanding anything, but suddenly one news item caught her attention. It was a report of the opening ceremony of a deaf and dumb school. The principal had made an appeal. Would educated girls come forward to take training in the art of teaching deaf and dumb students? Would the articulates feel some compassion for the less fortunate? Would they be happy to help the hapless souls, to communicate with them?

Suddenly Karuna realised the truth of the words of the specialist — that she was not alone — that there were thousands like her, even less fortunate ones who had never known what a spoken word was. There she would be needed, she would be wanted, she would not be a liability, a drag. Why shouldn't she go there?

When Aloke returned, he was mentally prepared for another outburst from Karuna, but to his surprise she was sitting with a far away look on her face and the ghost of a smile was playing on her lips. As soon as she saw him she got up and wrote on the pad, "Let us go back to Calcutta tomorrow, shall we?"

"Go back?" Aloke looked genuinely surprised. "Why?"

"I want to join a training course and then take up a job—," she showed him the newspaper report.

He read it silently and wrote, "Nonsense, Karuna. You don't have to take up a job. Why should you, with me to take care of you?"

"You don't understand," Karuna wrote firmly. "I am not taking up this job for money. I'll take it to fill up the void in my life, to make it meaningful."

"But Karuna, what about the household, the family? Isn't it enough to make your life meaningful?"

"It isn't. And you know it."

"What about your responsibilities? The family needs you."

Instead of scribbling, Karuna slowly uttered the words, "Does it? Do you need me, Aloke?"

She raised her intense and penetrating gaze to Aloke's face as if her whole being was transformed into this question. She shook Aloke by the shoulder and cried, "Do you need me Aloke, does any one need me?"

Aloke lowered his eyes and mumbled, "Of course we do, Karuna. Make no mistake about it, but if you are keen on this job," he again avoided her eyes, "go ahead and take it. I'll try to get the railway reservations."

He shuffled away from the room and Karuna looked at him with a heavy heart. Something was going out of her life, forever. But probably something else will grow there — not love, but something greater than that.

SCARED STIFF!

Kobita Sarkar

EVEN THE BRAVEST AMONG US HAS HIS OR HER PRIVATE PHOBIA, IRRATIONAL PERHAPS, BUT UNNERVING NONE THE LESS

Almost everyone I know has at least one illogical, unreasoning fear, which cannot be justified by any stretch of irrational rationalisation. The totally fearless, I am convinced, are somewhat less than human. One of the most unusual cases was that of my childhood friend whom I shall call here Jim Mason. As a youngster his quiet exterior belied his daredevil nature. Almost everything that sounded outrageous was master-minded, if not actually carried out, by him. Yet nothing, no amount of coaxing, ragging or threats could persuade him to so much as put a big toe into water! During the War, he was first given the highest military decoration and then court-martialled — for refusing to jump off a burning ship into a lifeboat!

All of which brings me to my special illogical fear — that of flying. I have done a fair amount of it, but the mere thought of an impending journey by air is enough to throw me into a state of blue funk. If you ask me **why** I am scared, or of what, I cannot honestly give you a rational answer. The fact of the matter is that I am just plain scared stiff! Statistics prove that modern plane travel is no more hazardous than car travel. Yet somewhere I have a lurking doubt that flying is a sort of tempting of Providence.

All manner of advice have I taken — from liquor to tranquillisers, from holding one's breath on the take off to praying with avid concentration. There is just no antidote to this fear! Only those who share my apprehensions will understand what I go through.

But alas! there are only too often those "no choice" situations. Here, the trauma mounts to a crescendo, despite all my efforts to screw my courage to the sticking point, I get more and more worked up as the time approaches. Once on the plane, I try desperately to divert my thoughts, but I find them like homing birds returning to the same point! Like my friend Ismail, who shares my weakness, I've also tried talking solidly through the journey. It's no good! Praying has its point. As Gina Lollobrigida once said, "Yes, I believe in God — especially on a plane!" I fervently echo the sentiment.

There are times too, when one is more scared and more than "more scared." Once, when going to Mexico City from Chicago, I found the plane the silentest I had ever boarded. Not a sound that wasn't mechanical. All faces were remote and grim, and even the hostess walked as if on hot bricks. A blast of routine announcements was followed by a quick take-off. There was a solid murmur, punctuated by the clicking of rosaries. For once I was both more terrified and yet consoled that no one would expect me to produce the customary stiff upper lip. Ten minutes out, the plane had steadied itself, vast quantities of alcohol were grabbed from the hostess' tray and everyone began to talk at once, as if making up for lost time. Obviously this was a release phenomenon. Someone got out a guitar, and all those who could, proceeded to dance in the aisle.

Twenty minutes out of Mexico City — and the hush descended again. This was a journey in many ways after my heart and one of the most soothing flying experiences I have ever had.

That was made up for by that terrifying Atlantic crossing. Airline companies, I suspect, feel that adults, like children, should be kept occupied lest they get restless — and find fault. So it was, that they showed us a film. It was all about aeroplanes. There is a perfectly good Freudian explanation for the fact that I have forgotten the name of the film. Needless to say the trouble with the plane (in the film, thank God), started fairly early. I was torn between the desire to go off where I couldn't see the film, and the strange fascination that glued me to the seat. When the plane crashed, I almost screamed. But it was replaced by another plane. I took off my glasses so that the details got blurred. Unfortunately, I **heard** it all even more clearly — including the vicious whistling sound as this one also crashed and burst into flames.

By now everyone in my immediate vicinity was having trouble keeping me from getting mildly hysterical. When the third plane went up into the screen, my family commandeered the services of everyone who was obliging enough to keep me amused — and away from the film. Everyone was solicitiously plying me with advice, food, drinks and distraction. Finally I could neither see nor hear clearly, but was just as miserable. Never have I been happier to hear the announcement of approaching terra firma, nor been more relieved to touch it! I strongly recommend to airline companies that they should carefully screen their films **before** showing them to faint-hearted passengers for their "entertainment"!

TO BEGIN AGAIN

Continued from page 23

you. . . There, that's all I have to say — end of sermon!'

Andrea said with heartfelt sincerity, 'I wish you'd been around two years ago. There was no one I could talk to who understood. I don't think I've ever felt so unhappy and so lonely in my life.'

'What about your aunt? Where was she?'

Andrea shuddered, burrowing deeper into the protective warmth of his arms.

'She was part of the problem — oh dear, it's all so complicated! You see, when my parents died, my father left money for my training, but it wasn't enough. So after it was gone, Aunt Cynthia loaned me some; she expected me to turn professional, I guess, and to be able to repay her in no time. After the accident she made it quite clear that I was to repay her anyway. Where do you think my first pay cheque went?'

His breathing was harsh in the darkness. 'You're so beautiful, Andrea,' he groaned. 'His hands slid to her waist and with latent strength he quickly pulled her to her feet.

It was morning. Andrea had slept deeply and dreamlessly and woke now to bright rays of early morning sunlight falling across her bed.

Later she went with Stuart to the school.

He parked the car, got out, and walked round to her side to open the door. Her lips felt dry. She licked them, knowing suddenly that she was nervous of meeting his children for the first time. What if they didn't like her?

Andrea hesitated in the doorway, not wanting to intrude on Stuart's reunion with his children. She had no difficulty recognising them, for they were the children of the photograph.

'This is Andrea MacKinlay, children. Andrea, meet Heather and Bruce.'

The two little faces smiled at her. 'You're pretty,' said Heather admiringly.

'Do you know how to skate?' demanded Bruce with his father's masculine forthrightness.

'Well, thank you, Heather, I think you're pretty too. And yes, Bruce, I do know how to skate,' she replied softly.

Several hours later they began their journey back to the ranch. Before they had left the city limits, both children had fallen into an exhausted slumber in the back seat.

At home in short order they had both children tucked in bed. 'I'll start the fire and put the kettle on, if you want to change into something warmer,' Stuart offered.

She got a sweater from her drawer and entered the study, which had always been her favourite room in the house, and gracefully sank down on the sheepskin rug in front of the hearth, pulling two of the brightly coloured cushions to support her back.

'Oh, Stuart...'

'Andrea, my beautiful Andrea,' he groaned. His hand was beneath her blouse, caressing the warm skin of her back.

With a suddeness that made her cry out, he pulled away so that she fell back against the cushion. Her eyes, huge with questioning, searched his tortured face. 'What's wrong?' she faltered.

'Nothing and everything,' he muttered.

'Did I do something wrong?' she repeated, tears stinging at her eyelids.

'Oh God, no, Andrea!' he exclaimed. 'It was I who nearly did something wrong. I would never have forgiven myself if I had... you're so young and innocent, and far too desirable for my peace of mind.'

He stood and turned his back to her. 'I think you'd better go to bed now,' he said huskily.

Andrea gave a sharp sigh. So this was love, this pain that gripped her heart, this longing that cut her like a knife. She loved Stuart whatever happened, loved him irrevocably.

To be continued

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BILKEES LATIF:

First Lady of the I. A. F.

APART FROM HER MANY RESPONSIBILITIES AS THE WIFE OF OUR NEW CHIEF OF THE AIR STAFF, MRS. BILKEES LATIF IS A PAINTER OF DISTINCTION, TOO

A gentle sweep of russet hair and such kind eyes, I thought. As she talked, more attributes came through — modesty, sincerity, warmth, humour.

Bilkees Latif, the first Lady of the Indian Air Force, is a strikingly beautiful woman from the aristocratic Jung family of Hyderabad. She grew up in her ancestral home, surrounded by the art and culture of a city which took its inspiration from the innumerable antiques and treasure houses like the Salar Jung Museum.

"My mother was French," Bilkees recalled. "She died years ago. But she had so adapted herself to Indian life as to be indistinguishable from it. She wore the saree with ease. She even remonstrated with me on occasions when I wore it too high or too low. She spoke Urdu with a quaint French accent. She loved all things Indian, including Indian classical music. You know, I think there is so much to learn about India, so many unrevealed facets of life and art and culture. When we go abroad, we must first know about our own country, to be able to project a true image to the foreigners."

Bilkees did just that. When her husband was posted as Air Attache in Washington, accredited to Canada, she helped organise costume shows in colleges, women's clubs and Rotary clubs, where the many diverse and beautiful costumes of India were portrayed. She also gave lectures on Indian art and religion, inspired by Ambassador and Mrs. B. K. Nehru, whose guidance she found invaluable.

Bilkees went to a school in Hyderabad, which was housed in a picturesque building with domes. Academics however did not interest her as much as art did, though she did exceedingly well in English and History. Painting was a passion with her, even as a child. Later, she went to the School of Arts in Hyderabad.

"It was actually a college of art and architecture," she said. "But I studied art because the other branch involved calculations and I had no head for numbers." A descendant of court painters who worked with Salar Jung gave her additional instruction in miniature painting. Her talent bloomed.

"Have you held any shows of your paintings?" I asked.

"Only at AIFACS twice," she replied. "I think it would be presumptuous on my part to do anything like that. I feel dwarfed when I think of giants in the field of art like Husain and Gujral."

Yet Bilkees, for all her modesty, has achieved a distinction that would be the envy of any artist. She designed a 24-foot mural for Air India, which was used strategically in EXPO '70 held at Osaka.

"I had no idea what I was letting myself in for," she laughed. "I made a small sketch to scale, went down from Pune to Bombay and showed it to the officials in Air India, responsible for the organisation of the pavilion. It was an abstract design of peacocks. They said it would go well with the Krishna-Leela theme used in their jumbos. They approved the idea. I was delighted. When they told me what it involved, I got a jolt. I had to make the mural myself in the actual size and it would be shipped in sections

Bilkees learnt the technique when she was in Washington. Her instructor was a dedicated 65-year-old man with grey hair, an Italian called Pietro Lazzari. "A genius," she said. "He made a bust of Mrs. Roosevelt for the White House, which was so alive in facial expression that it provoked her daughter to tears."

This medium won her laurels on another occasion, too. There was a competition organised by the Committee for Urban Buildings who wanted a mural with a sound and light theme, for the Bombay office of All India Radio, and Bilkees emerged winner.

For all her achievements, Bilkees is essentially a home maker. She believes a woman's first duty is to provide a harmonious atmosphere for her husband and children and she can't do it if she is perpetually tired after a full time job.

"I don't envy women who work at a regular job," she said. "I tried it once in Delhi for eight months. I was Associate Editor of a magazine called 'Design', a time consuming job. It ate up all my energy too. When I came home at the end of each day, I realised just how much men went through in their roles of bread winners. It made me all the more appreciative of my husband."

She isn't against occupation of an amateur sort, though. Something that doesn't tie you down to a routine but leaves you free as a bird to flit for creative fulfilment from one field to another.

True to her simile of flitting like a bird, Bilkees has tried her hand at every conceivable art. She has written for "Eve's Weekly", "Youth Times" and

oration and lighting of the exhibition grounds during the Asia '72 Fair held in Delhi. She was also honorary lecturer in Interior Design for some time at the Delhi Polytechnic.

"Every woman needs some outlet for fulfilment," she replied. "I remember being newly married and dreading activities like the ladies' club meetings, which I considered a waste of time. Then something happened at one of the stations, which jolted me to reality. One of the ladies took an overdose of sleeping pills. She had not been married very long. Maybe two or three years. She had grown fat after a baby. Her social activities were nil. She felt neglected and tied down to a humdrum life and wanted to end it all.

"This made me wake up to the fact that wives needed some outlet of fulfilment which kept their minds active. The ladies' meetings were not purposeless sessions. We found lots of things to do. Helping poor needy children to find a foothold in education was one. In Pune, we built with our own hands a school for the children of laskars and sweepers, just three rooms. Women and children trudged there and carried stones and bricks for the masons working on the building, as funds were short. In Allahabad during the Patna floods, some of the pilots were flying 20 sorties a day, dropping food and clothes from helicopters to the victims. The wives rallied round marvellously. Each of them cooked something in their own houses, packed it meticulously and handed it in as their contribution to a worthy cause. We got such touching letters from the recipients of those parcels. One school child who had been marooned for days with several others, wrote in heartfelt gratitude: 'Thank you for sending food and saving my life.' Fulfilment can come from so many things, not just artistic self-expression. In fact, giving often makes life worth living."

Bilkees talked about bettering children's educational facilities as well as accommodation for officers and men. She also dwelt on the problem of resettling the disabled. It was imperative for them to find mental and social adjustment, some niche in life. As President of the Air Force Wives' Welfare Association, the plight of widows occupies her attention. "Of course," she said, "financially they get more today than they used to in the past, but we have to do more for them. Here, more than anywhere else perhaps, wives face the brunt of life's uncertainties."

The mother of three grown-up children, two boys and a girl, Bilkees is still full of an endless zest for life.

"My daughter Mariam is an air hostess with an international airline, Asad, my elder son, is in a consultancy firm in Dubai, Asgar, the younger one, is in an Institute of Business Management," she said. "But life is an endless adventure. I know some wives may cavil at the way we have to move from place to place every few years. But I think Air Force life has its own charm. There is a tremendous equalising factor here, which is untouched by the dissensions of caste, community, language, wealth or religion. We share both pleasure and pain by rallying together. Rather like one large happy family."

Mayah Balse

Dr. Padam Singhvi,
M.S.. F.R.C.S.(Eng.),

Advisers: Dr. (Mrs.) Rama Dadhich
Dr. M. K. Menda

CARE DURING PREGNANCY

While pregnancy is not something to be afraid of, often there are problems which need timely attention

In these days of family planning, it is considered a sin even to think of pregnancy, but pregnancy and delivery are facts of life we cannot ignore. During the period of gestation a woman passes through many phases, and several queries arise in her mind.

It is very important to have some basic knowledge, to know what to expect during pregnancy, the care to be taken, hygiene, what to eat, what to do, and what not to do. It is also important for the pregnant woman to have regular antenatal check-ups.

Early signs of pregnancy

About 80 per cent of married women get pregnant in the first six months after marriage, and by the end of the year, the percentage rises to 90 per cent. The first sign of pregnancy is the cessation of menses. About 90 per cent pregnant women stop menstruating, although some bleeding may occur during the first couple of months in the case of a few women.

Other early symptoms are nausea and vomiting. It is commonly known as "morning sickness." These symptoms have a lot of phychological background, and about 50 per cent of pregnant women display these symptoms. As weeks and months pass, the uterus grows bigger and shows gradually. The level of the uterus at various stages of pregnancy is shown in the accompanying diagram.

Among young girls and women who have a lot of mental tension, menses may become irregular or may cease without pregnancy. When teenagers visiting friends or relatives in another city, find a strange place very uncongenial, they may not have their periods for quite some time. During the second World War when London was bombarded, a lot of girls and women missed their periods. However, these irregularities may be due to some disease, also. Therefore, it is imperative that a thorough check-up is done before labelling it psychological.

In some women, the uterus enlargement may not be noticeable even after four or five months of pregnancy. This may be due to obesity, or there may be some pathological causes like ectopic pregnancy. On the contrary, in case of twins, or a tumour in the uterus, or excessive fluid in the uterus, it may look much bigger in size than normal. In either case, a specialist must be consulted.

The other changes seen are the generalised enlargement of breasts and darkening of the nipples and the areola (the coloured skin around the nipples).

Abnormalities

In about 10 per cent of pregnant women, vomiting can be a very distressing problem, so much so that a few may even require hospitalization. The exact cause for this is not known, but it is believed to be largely psychological. Sometimes, a woman may start vomiting within a few days of missing her periods due to fear of pregnancy, because she thinks pregnancy is a disaster. Sometimes, during this period, there can be abnormal bleeding, backache, headache, constipation, insomnia, weakness, hyperacidity, etc. Abortion can be another problem and one of the early signs is abnormal bleeding. A specialist should be consulted immediately, and the patient should take complete rest.

The second trimester

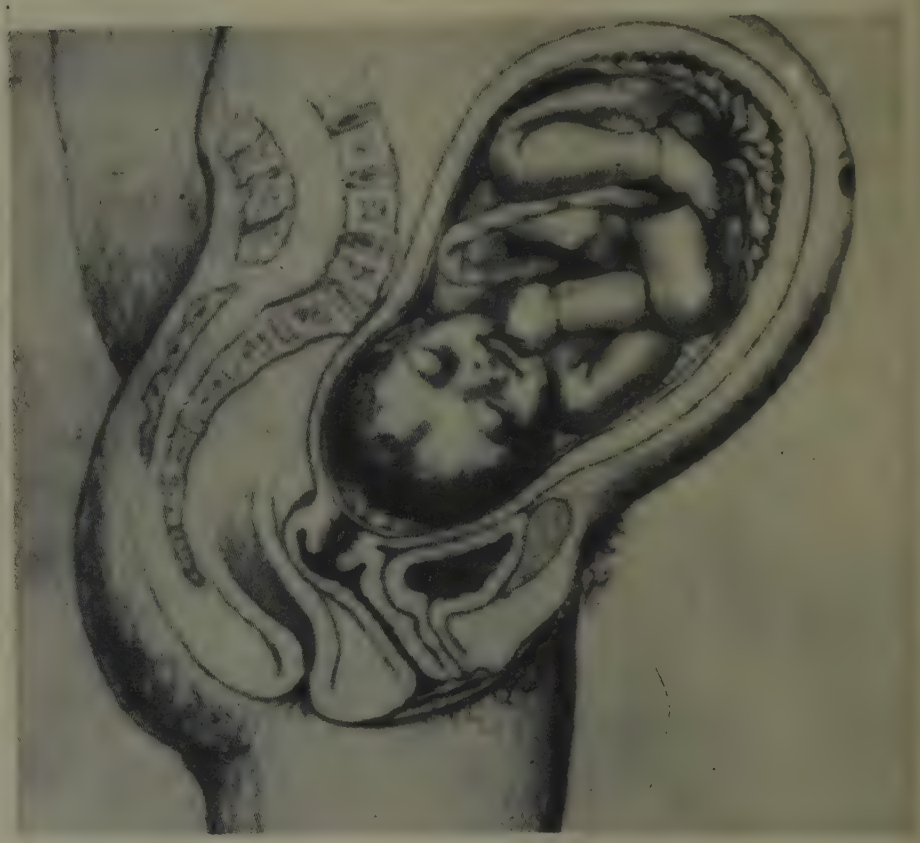
After 15 to 16 weeks, the uterus grows rapidly until full term and the enlargement of the abdomen becomes obvious. High blood pressure is one of the dreaded complications during this period. There is swelling of feet in some women and they may pass albumin in the urine. If this is not checked in time, serious complications like eclempsia may occur. In this the woman gets fits and may become unconscious. Abortions are fairly common during eclempsia.

The last stages:

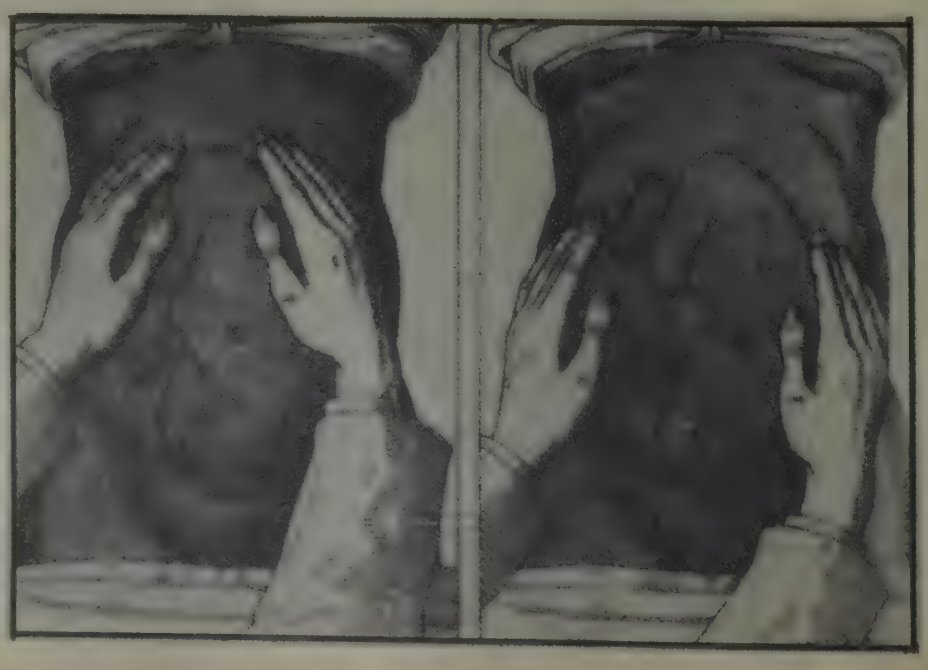
A woman may feel labour pains prematurely. This may result in a premature baby which requires a lot of extra care to survive. Usually those women who are weak and anaemic and have a history of repeated abortions and miscarriages give birth to premature babies. Then there are occasions when the baby is not born on the due date and the pregnancy is prolonged. As many as 15 to 20 days may pass beyond the due date. In such cases, delivery should be induced, as prolonged gestation may endanger the life of the child.

Some important facts:

The normal course of pregnancy is 9 months and 7 days, that is 280 days from the first day of the last menses. One can calculate the due date fairly correctly. The ante-natal check up should start after two months of pregnancy. It should be every 15 days up to 8 months, and then every week until delivery. In between, if there is any thing abnormal it should be reported to the doctor. The woman should be instructed to report to the doctor immediately if she has: (1) any vaginal bleeding, (2) swelling of the feet or fingers, (3) severe or continuous headache, (4) drowsiness or blurring of the vision, (5) abdominal pain, (6) persistent vomiting, (7)



A developed embryo in an enlarged uterus.



LEFT: Examination of a child's position during antenatal check-up

chills or fever, (8) difficulty in passing urine, (9) discharge of fluid from the vagina.

During the period of gestation, a pregnant woman gains about 20 to 25 lbs. The break up is 7 lbs. in the first 20 weeks, another 7 lbs. between 20 to 30 weeks and 7 lbs. in the remaining period. If the weight gain is more than 4 lbs. in a month, a doctor should be consulted. It is interesting to note the distribution of weight gain — 7 lbs. for the foetus, 1¼ lbs. for the placenta, 1½ lbs. for liquor amni (fluid around the foetus in the uterus), 2 lbs. for the breasts, 2 lbs. for the uterus and another 2 lbs. for other tissue increase due to pregnancy.

Movements of the child :

The mother feels the child moving in her womb for the first time between the 16th and 20th weeks. She feels the movement like the flutter of a bird, and this is called "quickening." The position of the embryo keeps changing as it grows because it is necessary to adjust itself according to the space available. The child may be in an abnormal position, and it is during the check-up that such positions can be checked and changed. After 36 weeks, the head engages itself in the pelvis of the mother.

Those women who become pregnant for the first time are known as primi-para; subsequently they are known as multi-para.

Nutrition during pregnancy :

One should take care not to overfeed the would-be mother. To gain too much weight is not good. At the same time, one should not worry about the normal weight gain as outlined earlier, but anything above the normal should be controlled. Diet conscious women should realise that proper nourishment is necesary, and the rigid dieting to which they are used may harm the child. One should not eat for taste only but for nourishment during this period.

During the first three months when nausea and vomiting occur, or where the mother is choosey, the diet can be supplemented with fruits, vegetables, milk or milk products. Eating for appetite should be the rule. The diet should be rich in proteins, that is, besides milk and milk products, lentils, eggs, fish and meat should also constitute a major part of the diet. Plenty of green and fresh vegetables and salads should be consumed. Fasting and starvation during pregnancy should be avoided. Lots of vitamins and minerals are necessary and it may be necessary to supplement the food.

About 1½ litres of milk should be consumed daily. It may be in the form of milk or milk products like curds, cheese, cream etc. At least twice a day salads and green vegetables should be eaten. Similarly, there should be two servings of fruits a day. Cereals and lentils should form the main part of the diet. For non-vegetarians, one egg a day and one meat serving a day are enough. The food should be eaten in a congenial atmosphere and should be chewed properly. About six to eight glasses of water should be drunk everyday.

Exercises :

Normal exercises that a woman is used to should not be given up. Pregnancy is a normal physiological process, therefore there is no need for severe restrictions on normal activities. Certain light exercises like deep breathing and relaxation of the body muscles are recommended. Other exercises can be learned from the attending obstetrician. Severe physical and mental strain should be avoided, and one should not over-tire oneself during this period. Regular periods of rest are very essential; about eight hours sleep at night and two hours during the day is advisable, but lying down all the time is not good. They should rest in an airy room and should not use tight clothing like tight garters or tight brassiers. It is also not advisable to use high heeled shoes, specially stilettos.

One should avoid constipation and should not consume all sorts of pills. Smoking, drinking and drugs of any kind are positively harmful. Good hygiene and dental care are recommended. As far as possible women should not travel during the last stages of pregnancy. Air travel is also not advisable, and those who have had repeated abortions and premature labour should avoid travel even during the first three months. They should take care of their breasts and nipples, and should report to the doctor if there is cracking or retraction of the nipples.

Some general questions :

Sexual intercourse is best avoided, particularly during early pregnancy by those women with a history of repeated abortions. It is also inadvisable after five months of pregnancy and specially in the last two months.

Another common question is about the leave that a working woman should take before delivery. One to 1½ months' leave prior to delivery is recommended in normal cases. In case of complications, longer rest may be necessary.

Is it possible to know the sex of the child before birth? The earliest is between 18 and 20 weeks by examining the amniotic fluid; at this time it is also possible to detect any genetic defects. These tests are very reliable, but they are better avoided.

Twins can be detected by X-ray, but now it is possible to do this by the ultra sonic method.

Are X-rays safe for the baby? In the first three months it can be dangerous to have X-rays as it can lead to congenital defects. Therefore we do not recommend X-rays unless it is absolutely necessary during this period. After three months, X-rays can be taken whenever necessary.

How may babies can one safely have without complications? Usually two to three babies are recommended. After four or five, chances of complications increase manifold.

How soon after delivery is family planning advisable? If the mother has one or two babies, she can get the loop fitted for spacing. After three babies, tubectomy immediately after delivery is advisable.

How to avoid unsightly lines on the abdomen after delivery? These are normal, and some marks of stretched skin do remain, but they become less visible slowly. However, if they are very prominent, plastic surgery can help.

How to recognise labour pains? Usually there is slight backache and a little abdominal pain off and on about a week prior to the onset of labour. This is called prodromal labour. When true labour pains start, they occur at 15 to 20-minute intervals. The interval then diminishes to five to four minutes and then even less and they become severe and finally almost unbearable. The pain starts from the back and radiates towards the abdomen. The uterus becomes hard and tight and then relaxes, followed by another pain wave. In the early stage, there is discharge of mucus and blood from the vagina, which is called "show." This is the first sign of the opening of the cervix, and the woman starts pushing down the baby. She should be taken to the hospital when the pain becomes severe and the interval reaches five to ten minutes.

Blood grouping :

We often talk of the Rh factor in the blood. This factor is present in about 85 per cent of the population. Only ten to 15 per cent are Rh negative. If the wife is Rh negative and the husband is Rh positive, then this mismatch may create complications in the child. In the first baby this may not be noticed, but it may result in the death of subsequent babies. In case an Rh negative woman is given an Rh positive transfusion sometimes before pregnancy or even in childhood, then complications may arise even in the first pregnancy. This can be prevented by giving anti-D injections to the mother 72 hours after delivery. Then she can safely have subsequent babies.

Devi

Stars and their image, I always maintain, are as apart as Dimple and Simple. Tanu was supposed to be a tomboy, bindas, etc. Of course, these days everyone is bindas. From Bindu to Rekha they are all bindas. But Tanu is one of the most homeloving girls I have met. In fact, she is the responsible bahurani type. She may be suffering from migraine or a sprain in the ankle, yet she will look after everyone's needs. The Mukerji clan has the appetite of an army and the discipline of a spoilt star.

TANUJA:

The Ideal Bahu

About her Calcutta trip, Tanu repeatedly told me about the rasgollas daughter Kajal loves. Imagine my surprise when I learnt from the Danny camp that her film with Danny, "Lal Kothi", completed a 75-week run, and they had a super function in Calcutta for the Platinum Jubilee.

* * *

Another woman who has Tanu's ready wit, honest but brash attitude, and is a marked tomboy, all the more as she played boys' roles as a little girl, is Daisy Irani. Despite her "no jewellery," boyish look, she will invite you to a paya-double roti meal, look after you, entertain you with her mimicry and caustic remarks.

* * *

And Padmini Kapila acted worse than Twinkle (or is it Bosky?) when she flew to Tashkent with a film distributor. Padmini had no film starring her being shown, but her constant companion bought her a ticket on the understanding that she would travel to Europe with him. But at Tashkent Padmini changed her mind and the companion refused to give her the ticket back to Bombay.

Padmini turned the man into a Big Bad Wolf and complained to everyone about him. All ignored her except Shashi Kapoor, who felt a lady has the right to change her mind, and requested the man to give her the ticket to Bombay. He agreed, but not before Shashi agreed to be the M.G. (minimum guarantee) that he would get the ticket money back from Padmini in Bombay

people and events

Seen at the function to celebrate the Swiss National Day and the Indian Independence Day, held by the Indo-Swiss Society in Bombay, are from left, Mr. J. Etter, Consul General for Switzerland, Mrs. Zarina Jairazbhoy, vice-president, Mr. Y. A. Fazalbhoy, president, Mr. M. S. Pai and Mr. F. T. Khorakiwalla, vice-presidents.

LEFT: Mrs. Sara Abraham seen with artists Surya Prakash (left) and Thota Tharani, at the Kala Yatra exhibition organised by her in Bombay.

Seen at the farewell dinner given to Mrs. Sharda Mukherjee, then Governor of Andhra Pradesh, by the Air Force Officers of Hyderabad Area are, from left: Mrs. Vohra, Mrs. Sharanjit, Mrs. Abrol, Gp. Capt. M. K. Joshi, Stn. Cdr. Begumpet, Mrs. Sharda Mukherjee, Mrs. Suman Joshi and Mrs. Tresslor.

Mrs. Roshan Parekh, president of the Lionettes Club of Bombay, speaks at the "Diwasa Jagran" programme organised by the Lions Club, the Lionettes Club and the Leo Club of Bombay (Kandivli). Seated from left are Mrs. Urmila Kava, Lion president Dilip Ganatra, Leo president Ramesh Sarda, and Pritam Modi, secretary, Lions Club.

Seen at the installation ceremony of the new office-bearers of the Anns Club of Mangalore are from left, (front row) treasurer, Gowri Nair, out-going president, Sarojini M. Kushe, the new president Shaila Rao, the chief guest Sunanda Shastry, the incoming vice-president Vijaya Ariga, the new secretary Vidya Mallya and other committee members.

RIGHT: At the Silver Jubilee celebrations of the Central Social Welfare Board, held at the Andhra Mahila Sabha, Hyderabad, Dr. Chenna Reddy, Chief Minister, Andhra Pradesh, presents a Manapatra to Mrs. Durgabai Deshmukh. Also seen are Dr. Chintamani Deshmukh and Mrs. Kamaladevi Chattopadhyaya, (ext. right) who presided.

bombay

"The Artisans", an export firm, presents for the first time its sarees, salwar kameez sets and household linen, at an exhibition and sale at the Aakar Art Gallery, from September 15-17, 10 a.m. to 8 p.m. everyday. The items on display include hand and machine embroidered patchwork organdies with blouse pieces, hand-printed cottons made exclusively by artistes from Gujarat, Rajasthan and Bengal, Kota, silk and chiffon sarees, all designed by Mita Parekh of Mimi's Boutique.

* * *

The Swiss National Day and India's Independence Day were celebrated by the Indo-Swiss Society at the Taj Intercontinental where Mr. Etter, Consul General for Switzerland was the chief guest. Mr. Fazalbhoy, President of the Society, welcomed the Swiss and Indian guests and referred to the increasing friendship and co-operation between India and Switzerland.

Some of the guests who graced the occasion besides the Consul General, were the Vice-Consul and Mrs. Suter, Mrs. Unwalla, President of the Swiss Society in Bombay, Mr. J. C. Jain, Chief Executive, Eve's Weekly, Mr. H. H. Ismail, Consul General for the Dominican Republic, Mr. Guy Ewing & Mrs. Gulshan Ewing, editor, Eve's Weekly and Star and Style, Mr. S. Subramaniam, Managing Director, General Superintendents, Mr. & Mrs. David of Hindustan Lever and Mr. & Mrs. Pillai of Air India.

* * *

In aid of the Gool Shavaksha Memorial Fund, the Time & Talents Club Concerts Committee presents "An Evening Of Operatic Arias" by Celia Lobo, the well-known Soprano, with Tehmie Gazdar at the Pianoforte, on Monday, September 18, 1978, at the Patkar Hall at 7 p.m. Tickets are available from Victory Stall.

Celia Lobo's first public appearance at the age of 16 was in the leading soprano role in "Geisha". At about the same time she trained under Gool Dotivala. Miss Lobo trained for four years under Summer Austin at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama in London.

Celia Lobo recently made a return visit to London where she studied further under Prof. Walther Gruner.

* * *

Kala Yatra opened in Bombay on August 30, at the Taj Art Gallery, with the paintings, sketches and sculpture of 12 contemporary artists of India — both famous ones and unknown young people.

An absolutely new concept, Kala Yatra is a "roving art gallery", an exhibition-on-wheels, which will tour India, and soon, go abroad. The idea is to take the works of our artists to as many art lovers as possible; and also, to expose the work of new artists to the public.

Kala Yatra is the brainchild of Mrs. Sara Abraham, noted art lover and collector, who has been nurturing young talent for the past 30 years.

The artists featured in this first exhibition were Husain, J. Sultan Ali, P. V. Janakiram, M. Reddeppa Naidu, M. Senathipathi, Bikash Bhattacharjee, K. Laxma Gowd, Surya Prakash, S. Nandagopal, Manohar Devadoss, Thota Tharani and C. Douglas.

delhi

The Regional Director, UNICEF, South Central Asian Region, Mr. J. Glan Davies and Mrs. Davies, hosted a reception in honour of Dr. Estefania — Aldaba Lim, UN Special Representative, International Year of the Child at the Ford Foundation Conference Hall. Dr. Lim was able to meet representatives of various social and welfare organisations and also the members of the Press.

hyderabad

Air Marshal H. R. Chitnis, AVSM, VM, AOC-in-C, Training Command, IAF Bangalore, and Mrs. Jyoti Chitnis along with senior Air Force Officers from Hyderabad Area and their wives, gave a farewell dinner last month to Mrs. Sharda Mukherjee, Governor of Andhra Pradesh. Amongst the distinguished guests at the function were Mrs. Tara Moolgavkar, Admiral and Mrs. Katari and Mrs. and Mr. I. J. Naidu, Chief Secretary, Andhra Pradesh.

* * *

The Chief Minister of Andhra Pradesh, Dr. Chenna Reddy paid glowing tributes to Mrs. Durgabai Deshmukh, at the Silver Jubilee celebrations of the Central Social Welfare Board. The Mahila Sabhas, both in Hyderabad and Madras, are the results of her dedication and determination. Mrs. Deshmukh, who was brought in a wheel-chair owing to her ill-health was presented with a Manapatra.

Mrs. Kamaladevi Chattopadhyaya presided. Mrs. Roda Mistry, A. P. Minister of Tourism released the special issues of "Samaj Kalyan" and "Social Welfare".

Mrs. Masuma Begum and Mrs. Sarojini Vardappan, both former Chairman of the C. S. W. B., were also honoured with Manapatras.

ahmedabad

Ten different cultural organisations of this city joined together and gave a warm and cordial send-off to Governor K. K. Vishwanathan on his relinquishing the post of Governor.

Dr. P. R. Pisharoty presented the Governor with a silver replica of Hriday Kunj, the house where Gandhiji lived while in Ahmedabad, on behalf of the associations.

Mrs. Mrinalini Sarabhai, president of the Friends of Trees, presented the Governor a bouquet in appreciation of his work in this field.

ANSWERS TO EVE'S WEEKLY QUIZ CONTEST—5

1. **The Republic of Upper Volta.**
2. **November 1, 1973.**
3. **Farad or Micofarad, named after Sir Michael Faraday.**
4. **Warsaw Pact.**
5. **Gen. Moshe Dayan.**
6. **Mrs. Billie Jean King.**
7. **Bhagwan S. Gidwani.**
8. **Lachu Maharaj.**
9. **George Bernard Shaw's "Pygmalion".**
10. **The Alaskan brown bear (The Kodia or Kadiak).**
11. **Bombay.**
12. **Egyptian President Anwar el Sadat.**

Mr. C. R. Nair, of Bombay, who sent in the first all-correct solution, wins the first prize of Rs. 50.

world of eve

JAYSHREE PANJIKAR

Today there is a fantastic increase of synthetically manufactured gemstones. Sometimes even jewellers find it difficult to differentiate between a genuine gem and a synthetic one.

A fellow of the Gemmological Association of Great Britain, Jayshree Panjikar helps laymen and even jewellers to differentiate between gems.

Jayshree explained how people are ignorant of the real value of a gem. To most, diamonds, emeralds, rubies and sapphires are precious stones. "But does one realize their real worth? The clarity, cut, carat and colour add to the value of the stones."

The increasing demand for her skills has given her the idea of starting a consultancy service.

This young gemmologist spends hours reading books on gemmology. "Each stone has its own beauty, and I cannot explain the joy I experience when I see the brilliance, the fire and the various properties each stone displays."

SARLA TANDON

Circumstances made Sarla Tandon what she is today, an expert dollmaker. Sarla Tandon was a brilliant student of Economics, and after her M. A. wanted to do her Ph.D and teach. But finding her husband unhappy about these plans, she turned to creative arts.

She had learnt painting as a child, now it became a passion with her. She learnt painting (batik, figures and landscapes) this time from renowned artists. She did her M.A. in vocal Indian music. She also learnt the art of doll-making.

She has exhibited her dolls and paintings both on her own and in many national exhibitions and group shows. Sarla has given lessons on T.V. on doll-making. She runs regular classes in doll-making. "I am completely contented. I am doing something creative — looking after my home and husband and making enough money."

Sarla Tandon is also a good actress and has taken part in many television and stage plays.

this week for you

IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK

You could find yourself settling in another country! Anyway, you will be "on the move" in some way. This is good; it is no use sticking in a familiar rut. Go along with new ideas, accept changes — these are inevitable — and make a few of your own. There is no doubt that you will turn from your present path and begin a new chapter of life and experience, one which leads to fortune and a happier way of life after a somewhat troublesome phase. Be confident and adventurous and see that you don't get into a routine of all work and no play. Friendships, social life — and romance — are essential this year, so is a good holiday; don't economise on this. Stay involved, generally; don't isolate yourself.

For the week Sept. 17 — 23

John Naylor

ARIES (Mar 22 — Apr 20)

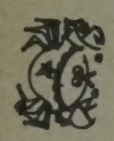
People have not been considerate — or co-operative in recent weeks, have also been demanding but not willing to give much out themselves. Life is happier now but you may have a problem in a complicated relationship. If this has not improved lately, cast your eyes elsewhere.

TAURUS (Apr 21 — May 21)

Surprises in store if you think life just couldn't get any busier! You may be rushed off your feet soon. There will be sudden changes, alterations in arrangements and unusual conditions will have to be allowed for. Get organised — and try to keep harmony in your love life

GEMINI (May 22 — June 21)

A nice accent on travel, perhaps an unexpected holiday for you. If not, a newsy and lively week with new friends adding sparkle to activities. If you have missed someone lately — he or she may be on the way back. Get practical ambitions into shape; they can succeed. If single, a romance on the way!



CANCER (June 22 — July 23)

Venus, that lucky and loving planet, will be influencing your love life for some time ahead — also the affairs of youngsters, if married. This is a favourable week for spending on yourself, buying something special, also for making changes at home. Don't hesitate to ask favours of people!

LEO (July 24 — Aug 23)

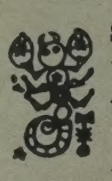
There is no need to get into a state if you seem to be paying out all the time! Your stars are lucky ones for sometime ahead and you will manage. It is just a temporary downtrend anyway — and a lot to do with your extravagant mood. Keep check of your spending, especially on new clothes.

VIRGO (Aug 24 — Sept 23)

You have an energetic but happy week ahead. But don't act impulsively on the 18th when you could upset your own apple-cart! Generally, it is a good time to make minor changes, to look around for a better job — or home, to experiment and explore. A new romantic adventure is indicated!

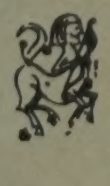
LIBRA (Sept 24 — Oct 23)

The Sun in your sign is giving you extra vitality, lots of enthusiasm for everything. The next several weeks will see you on the hop continuously so be prepared for this. Yet, efforts will be enjoyable — and profitable! A promising time for new meetings, also for joining social clubs.



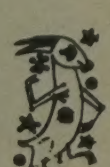
SCORPIO (Oct 24 — Nov 22)

Your intuition is very good — but this week your imagination will be too active! See that you don't misjudge people who are loyal to you; keep faith and give others the benefit of the doubt. Apart from this trend, extra money for you, a nice gift, a super social scene with romance in the air.



SAGITTARIUS (Nov 23 — Dec 22)

Everything is now in a steady up trend for you; some good opportunities can come your way soon if you stay alert — and interested. This week, it is friendships and social life that absorb you — and bring you luck; get in on things. A relative, too, will be generous and give you a good idea for profit.

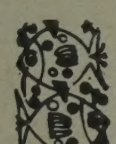


CAPRICORN (Dec 23 — Jan 20)

If you are not yet over a broken love affair — or another dream that was shattered in the recent past you soon will be! Everything is heading in the right direction now so give yourself an ego-boost with some pretty new things, some treats. Your popularity is high; get yourself into the social scene.

AQUARIUS (Jan 21 — Feb 19)

A lucky week for the man in your life, also other people very close to you. Tag along and their luck will rub off on to you! Give people encouragement for their ideas and ambitions; help them get started on fresh schemes. There is much improvement in your love life — but forget past grievances.



PISCES (Feb 20 — Mar 21)

No major problems but you will be restless — and yet not know what you want! Put your energies into something positive or you will run around in circles wasting time. A good week to clear a minor health or beauty problem, to get around generally, and make inquiries. A lively social scene with happy meetings.

next week

Eve's Weekly

ISSUE OF SEPTEMBER 23, 1978

SANJUKTA AND RAGHUNATH PANIGRAHI

The husband-wife team that has placed Odissi, with its unmatched fluidity and grace, among the top dance forms of our country.

FUTURE OF TOURISM

While we have only scratched the surface of our tourist potential, the progress made so far by the tourist industry has been quite creditable, and the future is bright with promise.

ASTROLOGY

Is astrology a science or an elaborate hocus-pocus, preying on the gullible, anxious to hear that the future is roses roses all the way?

Also all the usual features — stories, fashions, cookery, articles on topical issues, etc.

THE BEST THINGS BEGIN WITH

Nutri Nugget

VEGETABLE PROTEIN FOOD FROM SOYABEANS

DELICIOUS
ECONOMICAL
QUICK 'N EASY

50% PROTEIN
NUTRITIOUS
LOW FAT

USE IN PLACE OF BARI, PANEER OR MEAT for delicious Curries.

COOK ALONG WITH RICE DISHES for protein-rich pulao, etc.

MAKE THE VEGETARIAN FILLING for vegetables, samosas, sandwiches, etc.

ENRICH YOUR SWEET DISHES with easy-to-use NUTRI NUGGET.

ADD TO TIKKIS AND VEGETABLE "KABABS" to increase protein.

SERVE AS A SNACK with hot or cold drinks.

PROTEIN IS IMPORTANT IN DAILY DIETS

It's easy to enjoy protein-rich foods.....
Just add NUTRI NUGGET

LOOK FOR THE GOLDEN NUGGETS!

Completely pre-cooked to save you precious hours in the kitchen

Available as "Chunks" or "Granules"

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